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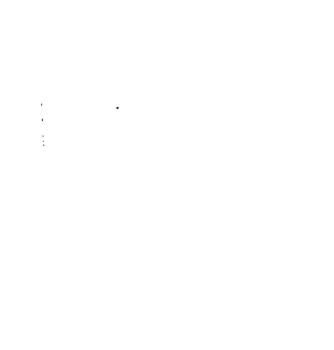
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The Best Poetical Pieces

OF THE

MOST L'MINENT CHRISTIAN POETS AND V. 11F2S OF FRULAND AND AMERICA

LONDON:

FUBLISHED BY CHARLES DALY.

Leichster Street, Leichster square.

1838.

Printed by G. Balne, Gracechurch Street.



It is not pretended that words can reach the sublimity of religious feeling; yet, certainly, those persons err who suppose that cultivated taste, high powers of expression, and lofty flights of the imagination, are at variance with the spirit of religiou.

The present unpretending little Volume is the result of no inconsiderable labour, in order to render it interesting and valuable to the reader, and more especially to the youthful reader; and though it will afford much pleasure for the fancy, yet sufficient inducement will be found to engage the heart, and indeed the whole of the faculties.

The selection has been made from the works
of the most intelligent and judicious Christian

It must be left to public discernment to decide how far the "Religious Musings" of the Compiler excel the efforts of his well-intentioned predecessors. But his labour is accomplished; and he sincerely trusts that the perusal of "The Sacred Harmony" may be as beneficial to others, as its selection has been consoling and delightful to himself.

"Poetry (says Coleridge) has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

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SACRED HARMONY.

THE HARP OF DAVID.

BARTON.

OH! for the harp that David swept,
At whose divine entrancing sound
The evil spirit distance kept,
While holler visions hover'd round:
Oh! for such harp in these our days,
To speak a God's, a Saviour's praise.

Then e'en on earth might song outpour
That sweet, that full, triumphant strain
Whose grateful notes should heaven-ward soar,
And there a gracious audience gain;
While here below its hallow'd power
Should ald devotion's happiest hour.

Christian, wouldst thou such harp possess, May grace anoint thine eye to see, And on thy mind this truth impress— The last that instrument may be: thou expect those strains to hear; unstrung, its accents grate scord on a heaven-touch'd ear; d by grace, and tuned by love, nony ascends above.

with melody it seems brate from each trembling string; ndling thought and feeling teems songs as sweet as scraphs sing; sic art could never frame h'd to its REDERWEY'S MAME.

ATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.

R. MONTGOWPRY

With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee; Jpon thy mirror, earth's majestic view, o paint Thy presence, and to feel it too.

TIME.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall, Thou aged carle, so stern and grey? ost thou its former pride recall, Or ponder how it pass'd away !" Inneres show

It is an uncreated beam, Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Like that which short Eternity and Time

Met for a moment here, From earth to heaven, a scale sublime Rested on either sphere,

Whose steps a saintly figure trod, By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,

'Midst flaming hosts above,
Whose ranks stood silent while he drew
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest se

Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,

Entranced our spirits fell,

And saw-yet wist not what

And saw—yet wist not what we saw, And heard—no tongue can tell and for above the pole, ere of thought

On wings of mounting fire, Paith may pursue the enfranchised soul, But soon her pinions tire; It is not given to mortal man

Eternal mysteries to scan. Behold the bed of death;

This pale and lovely clay-Heard ye the sob of parting breath? Mark'd ye the eye's last ray? No life so sweetly ceased to be, It lapsed in immortality.

Bury the dead—and weep In stillness o'er the loss; Bury the dead-in Christ they sleep, Who bore on earth his cross,

And from the grave that In his own t.

When hearts are faint, and eyes are dim, He knoweth them that trust in Him.

THE WORM.

GISBORNE.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside, Nor crush that helpless worm: The frame thy wayward looks deride Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move, From whom thy being flowed, A portion of his boundless love On that poor worm bestowed.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

MILMAN.

EVEN thus, amid the pride and luxury, O Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee. That secret coming of the Son of Man. When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine, Irradiate with his bright advancing sign: When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan. Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and nomp away: Still to the noontide of that nightless day. Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain. Along the busy mart and crowded street. The buyer and the seller still shall meet. And marriage-feasts begin their locund strain: Still to the pouring out the cup of woe: Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro, And mountains molten by His burning feet, And heaven His presence own, all red with fur-Dace-heat



In the sky's azure canopy; When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,

Is but a fiery deluge without shore, Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,

A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when Thou art there alone, On Thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne, That in its high meridian noon Needs not the perished sun nor moon:

When Thou art there in Thy presiding state,

Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom: When from the sea-depth, from earth's darkest womb.

The dead of all the ages round Thee wait;

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

HEBER.

ABASH'D be all the boast of Age!
Be hoary Learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an Infant come!

Oh Wisdom, whose unfading power Beside th' Eternal stood, To frame, in nature's earliest hour, The land, the sky, the flood;—

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile An infant form to wear; To bless thy mother with a smile, And lisp thy falter'd prayer.

TRAIBB.

ANON.

THERE is an eye that never aleeps, Beneath the wing of night: There is an ear that never shuts, When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs; That ear is fill'd with angels' songs; That arm upholds the world on high; That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield When mortal aid is vain;— That eye, that arm, that love to reach,

That listening ear to gain.

That power is Prayer, which soars on high,

And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!

LOD WILL AT D.

BLAIR.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder Whom love has knit and sympathy made one! A tie more stubborn far than nature's band. Priendship! mysterious cement of the soul: Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society, I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me Far, far beyond what I can ever pay, Oft have I proved the labours of thy love, And the warm efforts of the gentle heart, Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on. Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank, Where the pure limpid stream has slid along, In grateful errors through the underwood Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongued thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note; The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower e are the Jesters now? the man of health lexionally pleasant? Where the droll, e ev'ry look and gesture was a joke pping theatres and shouting crowds, ande e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy ther up her face into a smile eshe was aware? Ah! sullen now, umb as the green turf that covers them.

ere are the mighty thunderbolts of war? oman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs, sast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,

he tiara, at his pleasure, tore kings of all the then discover'd globe; ied, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd, ad not room enough to do its work! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd I off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost, return: or if it did its wists.

KIRKE WHITE. mes. WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain, 15 η_{cen}

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rte.

The glittering host bestud the sky; One star alone, of all the train,

Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! To God the chorus breaks,

From every host, from every gem: But one alone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode.

The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my foundering bark :

Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When suddenly a star arose,-It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark forebodings cease; And, through the storm and danger's thrall It led me to the port of por

vealing all the paths and plains. and gilding every tree. ;listens where the hurrying stream ts little ripple leaves: alls upon the forest-shade, and sparkles on the leaves.

once, on Judah's evening hills. he heavenly lustre spread.

Gospel sounded from the blaze. nd shepherds gazed with dread. I still that light upon the world s guiding splendour throws: tht in the opening hours of life, ut brighter at the close. waning moon, in time, shall fail) walk the midnight skies;

mapeting winds, the grass shall wave. wild flowers, too, I loved so well, hall blow and breathe their sweetness there, d all around my grave shall tell, She felt that nature's face was fair." those that come because they loved e mouldering frame that lies below, and their anguish half removed, ile that sweet spot shall soothe their woe. there disturb the silent air; hen the cheerful sun goes down, cams shall linger longest there. -when soft night breezes wake, g among the sleeping dowers, wa their airy home forsake,

till morn in earthly bowers,ome dearer friend the

have sought thee and seem'd to possess, But have proved thee a vision at last.

in humble ambition and hope

The voice of true Wisdom inspires: lis sufficient if Peace be the scope And the summit of all our desires.

eace may be the lot of the mind That seeks it in meekness and love: ut rapture and bliss are confined To the glorified spirit above.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

DALE.

WHEN from the beaming these-

```
peop of outward sign
 Proclaimed the Power Divine,
withly state the heavenly guest revealed!
Thou didst not choose thy home
```

Beneath a lordly dome : al diadem wreathed thy baby brow; or in rich vest arrayed, the poorest of the poor wert Thou! t she, whose gentle breast is thy glad place of rest; blood of royal David flowed: passed her dwelling by proud and scornful eye, knew and loved her mean abode.

softer strains she hears

whom man knows not below, though angels hymned above!

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

POPE

VITAL spark of heavenly itame: Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame: Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying; Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying! Ceave, fond Nature, ceae thy strile, And let me languish into life

Hark, they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away! What is this absorbs me quite! Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirits, draws my breath! Tell me, my soul, can this be death!

The world recedes; it disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes! my cars

O Death! where is thy sting?

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE. COLERIDGE.

IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

10u a charm to stay the Morning-star eep course? So long he seems to pause ald, awful head, O sovran Blanc! and Arveiron at thy base selessly; but thou, most awful form! m forth the silent Sea of Pines.

tly! Around thee and above air and dark, substant

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, Mute thanks and secret cestasy! Awake Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awa Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the v. O struggling with the darkness all the night, And visited all night by troops of stars, Or when they climb the sky, or when they sinl Companion of the Morning-star at dawn, Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise! Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth!

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad I Who call'd you forth from night and utter deaf! From dark and icy caverns call'd Down those peed. Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts! Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven Beneath the keen, full moon! Who bade the sun Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers Of lovellest blue, spread garlands at your feet! God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations, Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God! God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! And they, too, have a voice, you piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that akirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds;
Ye signs and wonders of the element!

Who sank thy sunless piliars deep in earth ;

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad! Who call'd you forth from night and utter death, From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth, Down those precipitous, black, Jagged rocks, For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever? Who gave you your invulnerable life, Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy, Unceasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded, (and the silence came,) Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls I ye that from the mountain's brow Adown enormous ravines slope amain— Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice, And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunges!

SACRED HARMONY.

There is a kingdom in the sky
Where they shall reign with God on high
Who serve him here below.

Now pause and view the votaries o'er,
Who, faithful to the Saviour's lore,
The Saviour's blessing seek.
The poor in spirit lead the train,
Then they who mourn their inward stain,
The merciful, the meek:

And here the pure in heart; and here, Who long for righteousness, appear, And they who peace ensue; And they who cast on God their cares, Nor heed what earthly lot is theirs, If they his will can do.

MOORE.

Thou art, oh God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are all reflections caught from Thee. Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine,

When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven; Those hues, that mark the sun's decline.

So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom.

O'ershalows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—

That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes, Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh; And every flower that summer wreathes Is born beneath thy kindling eye. Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine.

NATURE.

ALLAN CUNNINGRAM.

SACRED SONG.

MOORE.

ou art, oh God, the life and light f all this wondrous world we see:

Thrie

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glow by day, its smile by night, re all reflections caught from Thee. ere'er we turn, thy glories shine,

all things fair and bright are Thine. en day, with farewell beam, delays

mong the opening clouds of even, we can almost think we gaze brough golden vistas into heaven;

se hues, that mark the sun's decline, oft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

en night, with wings of starry gloom, ershadows all the earth and skies,

some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume

parkling with unnumber'd eyes ;-

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O. NATURE! holy, meek, and mild. Thou dweller on the mountain wild: Thou haunter of the lonesome wood: Thou wanderer by the secret flood: Thou lover of the daisied sod. Where Spring's light foot hath lately trod; Finder of flowers, fresh-sprung and new, Where sunshine comes to seek the dew: Twiner of bowers for lovers meet: Smoother of sods for poets' feet: Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face Who looks in love, will light on grace: Far-worshipp'd goddess! one who gives Her love to him who wisely lives:-O! take my hand, and place me on The daisied footstool of thy throne: And pass before my darken'd sight Thy hand, which lets in charmed light; To glory consecrate by song: And while we saunter, let thy speech God's glory and his goodness preach.

Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright Round moon sheds down her lustrous light; When larks leave song, and men leave toiling, And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling; When hoary hinds, with rustic saws, Lay down to youth thy golden laws; And beauty is her wet cheek laying To her sweet child, and silent praying; With thee in hallow'd mood I'll go, Through scenes of gladness or of woe; Thy looks inspir'd, thy chasten'd speech, Me more than man has taught, shall teach;

SUPPORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

WORDSWORTH.

Owe adequate support For the calamities of mortal life Exists, one only: - an assured belief That the procession of our fate, howe'er Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being Of infinite benevolence and power. Whose everlasting purposes embrace All accidents, converting them to good. -The darts of anguish fix not where the seat Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified By acquiescence in the Will Surreme For time and for eternity: by faith. Paith absolute in God, including hope. And the defence that lies in boundless love Of His perfections; with habitual dread Of sught unworthily conceived, enduted Impatiently; ill-done, or left undone, To the dishonour of His holy name.



..... aucouons unto thee a

HYMN

O Trior! who taught my infant
To see my God in earth and seas
To hear him in the vernal breeze
To know him midnight thoughts
Oh guide my soul, and aid my so
Spirit of Light, do thou impart
Majestic truths, and teach my hea
Teach me to know how weak I an

Spirit of Light, do thou impart Majestic truths, and teach my hea Teach me to know how weak I an How vain my powers, how poor m Teach me celestial paths untrod,— The ways of glory and of God,

No more let me in vain surprise,

SACRED HARMONY.

Old Ocean's hoary treasures scan; See nations swimming round a span.

e world:

heart :

Then wilt thou say—and rear no more Thy monuments in mystic lore— My God! I quit my vain design, And drop my work to gaze on Thine: Henceforth I'll frame myself to be O Lord! a monument of Thee.

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

MDG BEMAYO

"They are vanished from this 1

" Let their homes and hearth,

" But the rolling waters keep no " Of pang or conflict gone!"

-Alas! thou haughty deep!

The strong, the sounding far! My heart before thee dies-I wee To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass, High hope, and thought, and m

Even as the breath-stain from the Leaving no sign behind!

Saw'st thou nought else, thou Ma

Thou and the midnight sky? Nought save the struggle brief an The nartine

My soul awakes, my hope springs free On victor-wings again.

Thou from thine empire driven, May'at vanish with thy powers; But, by the hearts that here have striven, A leftier doom is ours!

HOPE.

CAMPBELL.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn, When soul to soul, and dust to dust return! Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour, Oh! then, thy kingdom comea! immortal power!

The noon of heaven unua On heavenly winds that waft her Hark! as the Float the sweet tones of star-born melody; Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale, When 'ordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion's hill. Soul of the just companion of the dead! Where is thy home and whither art thou fed! Back to thy heavenly source thy being goes. Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose: Doon' on his airy path a while to burn, And doen'd, like thee to travel, and return. Hark from the world's exploding centre driv's With sounds that shook the firmament of heav'n, Careers the fiery giant, fast and far, On bick ring wheels, and adamantine car; From planet whirld to planet more remote, He visits realms, beyond the reach of thought, Ruf. wheeling homeward, when his course is full

PREST SAN PRIMA PRO LOT C SAN SAN LI BARY TALLY LICE PA COLLEGE COLLEG

Mind G Mind G Mind G Mind Mind Mind Mind Curbs the red yoke and mingles with the sun! So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd Her trembling wings, emerging from the world; And o'er the path by mortal never trod, Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God! Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time. The joyous youth began—but not to fade—When all the sister planets have decay'd! When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow, And Heav'n's last thunder shakes the world below, Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile, And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

SABBATH MORNING.

B. MONTGOMERY.

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled

REGARD DUE

TO THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

THERE is a plant that in its cell
All trembling seems to stand,
And bends its stalk, and folds its leaves
From each approaching hand:

And thus there is a conscious nerve
Within the human breast

Within the human breast, That from the rash and careless hand Sinks and retires distress'd.

The pressure rude, the touch severe,

Whene'er you see the feeling mind, Oh, let this care begin; And though the cell be ne'er so low, Respect the guest within.

HYMN AT MIDNIGHT.

Source of all life, and joy, and light! Creator of each starry sphere, That o'er me, on the arch of night, Gleams, like a diamond, bright and clear.

Oh, as I gaze, transported now,
Upon this blue, resplendent dome—

Deign but to hear my prayer, that thou Wilt call my erring spirit home!

Home from this world's fast fading bowers, Frail visions, and delusive dreams, To that fair clime of Eden flowers.

: holier is thy peaceful close. for yows love left recorded there :is is the noiseless hour we chose 'o consecrate to mutual prayer. ras when misfortune's fearful cloud Vas gathering o'er the brow of heaven, vet despair's eternal shroud Vrapped every vision hope had given. en these deep purpling shades came down. n softened tints, upon the hills, swore, that, whether fate should grown our future course with joys or ills,ether safe moored in love's retreat, ir severed wide by mount and sea,s hour, in spirit, we would meet, od urge to Heaven our mutual plea.

O, tell me if this hallowed hour
Still finds thee constant at our shrine,
Still witnesses thy fervent prayer
Ascending warm and true with mine
Faithful through every change of woe,
My heart still flies to meet thee there:
Twould sooth this weary heart to know

Twould soothe this weary heart to know That thine responded every prayer.

THE WATERFALL.

BAFFLES.

I LOVE the roaring waterfall, Within some deep, romantic glen: 'Mid desert wilds, remote from all But that dread nous The dawning of eternity!

Eternity! that vast unknown! Who can that deep abyss explore, Which swallows up the ages gone, And rolls its billows evermore? O, may I find that boundless sea, A bright, a blest eternity!

THE PROPHET-CHILD.

S. C. HALL.

WITHIN the temple slept the child, The after-prop of Israel's fame, When o'er his slumbers, calm and mild, The summons of Jehovah came.

The call was heard, the child awoke; With beating heart and bended knee The future judge and prophet spoke. " Speak, Lord, thy servant beareth the



Oh, when we hear Jebovah's voice
Breaking the slumber of the soul,
So may we rise, and so rejoice,
So bend our will to His control!

His summons calls us even now;
Oh, may each instant answer be,
"Pather, to thy commands I bow,—
Speak, for thy servant heareth thee!"

SORROW OF THE HEART.

BARTON.

O Lord! thine eye alone can see The hidden sorrows of the heart, To which no help, but aid from thee, Availing comfort can impart:— Thou hear'st its cries, THERE is a silence big with woe,
The latest stage of settled grief,
When scalding tears have ceased to flow,
To the sad bleeding heart's relief.
'Tis passion's slumber—but so full
Of hideous dreams, she sleeps in vain,
Her heart is still insatiable,
And unrelaxing is her pain;
While like an asp, the worm of care,
Sucks the rich stream of life away;
Till smiles the demon of despair.

There is a silence big with joy,
The full heart's throbbing evoquence,
When love upraised to ecstasy,
Defies the power of utterance.
'Tis passion's trance—the soft eye's ray,
Half shrouded in the lid, reveals
What thrilling rapture bears the sway,
And gently o'er the bosom steals;
And as it meets a glance in turn,
As soft, as sweet, as fondly given,
Such fires of wild delirium burn
It seems as earth were heaven.

Exulting o'er his prev.



There is a silence of the heart. Where humble resignation dwells,

Though care thrusts in his poison'd dart, And like the sea affliction swells.

'Tis passion's calm-no rising wind Can ruffle, and no storm o'ersway

The equilibrium of the mind, Which e'er to Heaven's decrees gives way: For power divine enchains self-will;

When He who by his mighty nod

Stays nature's shocks, exclaims, "Be still, And know that I am God."

There is a silence of the night, When nature's murmur sounds no more When darkness steals the realms of light,

And spreads his wings the welkin o'er.

HYMN OF NATURE.

PRABODY.

Gop of the earth's extended plains!
The dark-green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the aky:
The tail cliff challenges the storm
That lours upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams.

With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;

thardly lifts the drooping flower, swild whirlwind's midnight cry—athe forth the language of thy power. It the fair and open sky!

I the fair and open sky!

I gloriously above us springs and dome, of heavenly blue, ended on the rainbow's rings!

I dilliant star, that sparkles through,

glided cloud, that wanders free ling's purple radiance, gives beauty of its praise to thee. the rolling orbs above! same is written clearly bright 'arm day's unvarying blaze, ming's golden shower of light. y fire that fronts the sun,

E'EN now, while tracic Midnight walks the lan And spreads the wines of darkness with her wan What scenes are witness'd by Thy watchful eye: What millions wast to thee the prayer and sigh! Some gaily vanish to an unfear'd grave. Fleet as the sun-flash o'er a summer wave:

Some wear out life in smiles, and some in tears Some dare with hope, while others droop with fear The vagrant's roaming in his tatter'd vest. The babe is sleeping on its mother's breast: The widow weeping for her lord again. While many a mourner shuts his languid eve. To dream of heaven, and view it ere he die:

The captive mutt'ring o'er his rust-worn chain. And yet, no sigh can swell, nor tear-drop fall. But Thou wilt see, and guide, and solace all !

Did Shadrach's seal my glowing preast inspire, To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire: Or had I faith like that which Israel saw. When Moses gave them miracles and law: Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest! Were not thy power exerted in my breast, Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer, That scorn of life would be but wild despair; A cymbal's sound were better than my voice; My faith were form, my eloquence were noise. Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind, Softens the high, and rears the abject mind: Kra ows the just reins and gentle hand to guide Be wixt vile shame and arbitrary pride. No 2 soon provoked, she easily forgives, A wa d much she suffers, as she much believes.

50

Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives:

She builds our quiet, as she forms our liver: Lave the rough paths of peevish nature even. And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift which God on man bestows. Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;

To one fix'd nurpose dedicates its power. And, finishing its act, exists no more,

Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees. But lasting Charity's more ample sway.

Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall case: Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay, In happy triumph shall for ever live.

And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive. As through the artist's intervening glass.

Our eye observes the distant planets pass, A little we discover, but allow

That more remains unseen than art can show; So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve, (Its feeble eye intent on things above,) High as we may, we lift our reason up.

By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hone: Vet are we able only to survey

IT seems a light and trivial thing To view time's onward flight impell'd; To mark the shadow of his wing Turn'd back!—a sight but once beheld.

Once only, to a monarch's prayer, Was given by miracle divine The moments pass'd again to share, And see retrac'd time's shadowy line.

Yet thousands daily live on earth
As if their ineffectual might
Could give this wonder hourly birth
And backward turn time's rapid flight.

O time! Heaven's richest gift to man,
'Till gone—too rarely understood,
How few thy richest treasures scan,
Or rightly estimate thy good!

Far beyond honours, power, or wealth,
The records of thy flight endure,
And render, by unheeded stealth,
The poorest rich, the richest poor.



HLMASS.

My fervent soul shall bless the Lord. And sing Jehovah's name ador'd. Oh God! how great are all thy ways. Demanding gratitude and praise: Honour and majesty are thine. And beams of light around thee shine : Thy hand extends the arch on high. The azure curtain of the sky: The clouds thy regal chariot form: Thou ridest on the rushing storm: Amidst the regions of the air. The winds thy car triumphal hear: To thee enraptur'd spirits bend. And angels round thy throne attend: While lightnings in thy presence beam. The ministers of power supreme. At thy behest the earth appear'd, On firm eternal basis rear'd : The floods arose at thy command. And spread their mantle o'er the land :



ODE ON THE CREATION.

TRE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale; And nightly, to the listening earth, Repeats the story of her birth;



" The hanu .

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

R. MONTGOMERY.

On t beautiful beyond depicting words To paint, the hour that wafts a soul to heaven! The world grows dim, the scenes of time depart, The hour of peace, the walk of social joy, The mild companion, and the deep-soul'd friend,

The lov'd and lovely—see his face no more.

The minghing spell of sun, of sea and air, Is broken; voice and gaze, and smiles that speak, Must perial parents take their hush'd sdieu;

A wife, a child, a daughter half divine, Or son that never frew a father's tear, Approach him, and his dying tones receive

Tike God's own language Lattis an hour of age,

From faith immortal, view that pale-worn brow; with glory !- in his eye there dawns

WALL LIBER IN IDW.

A month, at least, before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou knowest the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lours O'er nature's silent shroud! But blithe larks meet the sunny showers, High o'er the doomed untimely flowers, In beauty bowed!

Sweet violets in the budding grove Peep where the glad waves run; The wren below, the thrush above, Of bright to-morrow's joy and love, Sing to the sun.



Foretels an eve of tears;
A sun-beam on the saddened lawn,
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful Spring
Will see no leaf of mine;
Her bells will ring, her bride-maids sing,
When my young leaves are withering,
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet sabbaths chime!
But thine, before my time, O Death,
I go where no flower blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn Vanish, and long ere noon The dew-drop dieth on the thorn. So fair I bloomed: and was I born To die so soon? ---- the tomb!

lived and loved, will sorrow say; By early sorrow tried; smiled, he sighed, he passed away; life was but an April day,-

He loved and died !

nother smiles—then turns away; ut turns away to weep: whisper round me, what they say not hear; for in the clay oon must sleep. o is sorrow! sad it is be both tried and true! embled in my bliss; re are farewells in a kiss-' sigh adieu.

bines flaunt when blue-belle ...

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

PIERPONT.

O'ER Kedron's stream and Salem's height, And Olivet's brown steep, Moves the majestic queen of night, And throws from heaven her silver light, And sees the world saleep;—

All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care—
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless;—
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day, There's a composing power, That meets them, on their lonely way, In the still air, the sober ray Of this religious hour.

'Tis a religious hour;—for he, Who many a grief shall bear, In his own body on the tree, Is kneeling in Gethsemane, In agony and prayer. The world can proffer no relief, E'en to the worldling—in his grief; Its emptiness is then made known, It loves—but cannot save its own.

Beasts have their dens—wherein they creep, Leviathan—the billowy deep; Birds to their nests for shelter flee;— Souls troubled and coppress'd—to thee!

Thou art their refuge:—in the day Of trouble, thou art still their stay;

Of trouble, thou art still their stay;
Thy name, in which is power sublime.
A shelter in the needful time.

But If we hope thine outstretch'd arm In darker hours when ills would harm,



Nay, e'en to cheer their adverse k Who in past sunshine sought thee

Yet justly may thy praise employ The liberal gratitude of Joy, And selfish, sure, their thoughts n Who turn but in their grief to thee

HEBREW MELODY.

From the hall of our fathers in angui Nor again will its marble re-echo our For the breath of the Siroc has blasted And the frown of Jehovah has crus

His robe was the whirlwind, his voi thunder, And earth, at his footer.

shame.

H. MORE.

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see, Eternal Lord, is full of thee! I feel Thee in the gloom of night, I see Thee in the morning light.

When care distracts my anxious soul, Thy grace can every thought control; Thy word can still the troubled heart, And peace and confidence impart.

If pain invade my broken rest, Or if corroding griefs molest; Soon as the Comforter appears, My sighs are hushed, and dried my tears.

Thy wisdom guides, Thy will directs, Thy arm upholds, Thy power protects; With Thee, when I at dawn converse, The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

Then, as the sun illumes the skies, Oh, Sun of Righteousness, arise; Dispel the fogs of mental night, Being of beings, Light of light! any summer sun cheering all nature round,
Thy meads with Flota's early primrose crown'd
The stores Pomona's liberal hand bestows,
And from her lap in rich profusion throws:
Of these no more I sing; those cheerful days
Are fled, and winter claims my pensive lays.
Yet even in winter charms may oft be view'd,
If by the philosophic mind pursu'd:
Yes, even in chilling frost, and blustering wind,
The grandeur of the Almighty Power we find.
Po not the winds aloud his praise declare!
Look at the snowy hills—we view him there!
Whether by cold we're nipp'd, or heat oppress'd,
In either is the Great Suureme confess'd.

ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

PLINT.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore, Now verdant with the depth of shade, Beneath the white-armed sycamore, There is a little infant laid. Porgive this tear. A brother weeps— Tis there the faded floweret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forests o'er her wave;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmured at the fale
Of one so lone and desolate.



And pour, unheard, along the wild. Their desert anthem o'er a child

She came, and passed. Can I forget. How we, whose hearts had hailed her birt

Ere three autumnal suns had set. Consigned her to her mother Earth? Joys and their memories pass away: But griefs are deeper traced than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell. We heaped the soft mould on her breast. And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell

Upon her lonely place of rest. May angels guard it !- may they bless

Her slumbers in the wilderness ! She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone, For, all unheard, on vonder shore,

The sweeping flood, with torrent moan.

TRUST IN GOD.

PERCIVAL.

Thou art, O Lord, my only trust,
When friends are mingled with the dust,
And all my loves are gone.
When earth has nothing to bestow,
And every flower is dead below,
I look to thee alone.

Thou wilt not leave, in doubt and fear.
The humble soul, who loves to hear
The lessons of thy word.
When foes around us thickly press,
And all is danger and distress,
Thery's asfert in the Lord.

The bosom friend may sleep below The churchyard turf, and we may go To close a loved one's eyes:



I sleep secure in thee: And, O, may soon that time arrive, When we before thy face shall live Through all eternity.

THERE IS A VOICE.

WARE.

THERE is a voice in the western breeze,
As it floats o'er spring's young roses,
Or sighs among the blossoming trees,
Where the spirit of love reposes:
It tells of the joys of the pure and young,
Etc they wander life's wildering paths among.

There is a voice in the summer gale,
Which breathes amid regions of bloom,
Or murmurs soft, through the dewy vale,
In moonlight's tender gloom:
It tells of hope unblighted yet—
And of hours that the soul can ne'er forget!

It tests as well hall returns the source

And there's a voice—a small still voice, That comes when the storm is past-It bids the sufferer's heart rejoice In the haven of peace at last: It tells of joys beyond the grave, And of Him who died the world to save.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

MRS. TOMGE.

THERE is an hour whose gentle reign, Repays the day of care and pain, When the gay sun, retired to rest. Deserts the grove he lately dress'd, And leaves the night's chaste goddess free To sit enthron'd "o'er tower and tree; I pity those who have not known That happy evening hour alone. . 2

When busy hands and restless feet Are passive in their night's retreat The warning lip, the watchful ear, Forget, alike, to guide, to hear: And not a sound approaches nigh Save when the night bird flutters b Or soft wind rustles through the tr And falling leaf floats on the breeze O blessed hour of thought! assign's To calm the tumults of the mind. Each harrowing hour to soothe, to And bend to peace the stubborn wi Let social joys surround my hearth The voice of friendship, smile of m The laugh-how dear-of youthful That tells of brief felicity: Welcome all these, so I possess One unshared hour of happiness, Claim'd by reflection as her own, The tranquil evening hour alone.

BEAUTY OF A STARLIGHT N

R. MONTGOMERY.

YE quenchless stars! so eloquent! Untroubled sentries of the shadow

... ward erres.y sooking from the skies! her, oblivious of the world, we stray

I of night along some noiseless way. te heart mingles with a moon-lit hour. els from heaven a sympathetic power! ot a cloud careers von pathless deep ten agure.-mute as lovely sleep: her pallid light the Moon presides. I in a haio, mellowing as she rides:

r around, the forest and the stream se rich garment of her woven beam. 'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves, av prelude rolls upon the waves;

s hush'd, as if her works adored.

a homage of her living Lord !

SONG AT TWILIGHT.

CRRTIA MARIA DAVIDOC

Shouldst time.

Will thou not kneed besing I love.

And, sister, sing the song I love.

SUMMER WIND.

IS' Tir N

BRYANT.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the northing stars
The dew that lay upon the lofty elm
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, sad its ahade
That canopies my dwelling, sad its ahade
Section of the side of the

SACRED HARMONY.

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But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills, With all their growth of woods, silent and stern, As if the scorching heat and dazzling light Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds, Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—Their bases on the mountains—their white tops Shining in the far ether,—fire the air With a reflected radiance, and make turn The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf, Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun, Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind That still delays its coming. Why so slow, Gentle and voluble spirit of the air! O come, and breathe upon the fainting earth

Y z viewless Minstrels of the sky! I marvel not, in times gone by.

That we were deified : For, even in this later day,

To me oft has your power, or play, Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when by your might You heave the wild waves, crested white, Like mountains, in your wrath:

Ploughing between them valleys deen. Which, to the seaman roused from sleen,

Yawn like Death's opening path! Graceful your play! when round the bower

Where beauty culls spring's loveliest flower

To wreathe her dark locks there. Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe The leaves between, flit round the wreath, The stars,-man knows their courses well: The comet's vagrant paths can tell ;-But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things! Who mock all our imaginings.

Like spirits in a dream: What epithet can words supply

Unto the bard who takes such high Unmanageable theme?

But one :- to me, when fancy stirs

My thoughts, ye seem Heaven's messengers, Who leave no path untrod :

And when, as now, at midnight's hour, I hear your voice in all your power,

It seems the Voice of God.

as the Moslem hath dealt the gift the beast

Can ye grudge your boon s Light on the Hindoo shed! On the maddening idol-train The flame of the suttee is dire and And the fakir faints with pa And the dying moan on their cheer By the Ganges laved in vain.

And the pearls of Ormus are poor to Armour when Death invades: Hark! Hark!-'tis the sainted Marty From Ararat's mournful shader Light for the Burman vales! For the islands of the sea! Por the coast where the slave-ship fills With sighs of agony, And her kidnapped babes the mother -Neath the long bar

Light for the Persian sky! The Sophi's wisdom fades, Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed, And clear the tomb From its lingering gloom, For the aged to rest his weary head.

THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

EASTBURN.

O WHERE are the visions of ecstasy bright, That can burst o'er the darkness, and banish the night?

O where are the charms that the day can unfold To the heart and the eye that their glories can hold! Deep, deep in the silence of sorrow I mourn; Por no visions of beauty for me shall e'er burn! They have told me of sweet purple hues of the west, Of the rich tints that sparkle on Ocean's wide breast; They have told me of stars that are burning on high, When the night is careering along the vast sky; But alas! there remains, wheresoever I flee, Nor beauty, nor lustre, nor brightness for me!

That time of them is taking, How frequent moans the funeral knell, What noble hearts are breaking, While myriads to their tombs descend Without a mourner, creed, or friend!

TO THE DYING YEAR.

J. G. WHITTIER.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea Of infinite Oblivion, speed thou on! Another gitt of Time succeedeth thee, Fresh from the hand of God! for thou bastes. The errand of thy destiny, and none May dream of thy returning. Go! and bear Mortality's frail records to thy cold

prison-house! the midnight prayer ing bosoms, and the fevered care idly hearts; the miser's dream of gold; n's grasp at greatness; the quenched light ken spirits; the forgiven wrong, he abiding curse. Ay, bear along recks of thine own making. Lo! thyknell upon the windy breath of night

ED IS THE VOICE OF JUDAN'S

A SACRED MELODY.

and faintest echo! Fare thee well!

ANON.

ED is the voice of Judah's mirth;

PROMPT FORGIVENESS ENJOINED.

BARTON.

WAIT not until prayer be ended,
To forgive thy direst foe;
With thy prayer be pardon blended,
If forgiveness thou wouldst know:
From this precept shouldst thou start,
Thine is not a praying heart.

Praying hearts can never cherish Thoughts of bitterness, or strife; In their presence soon must perish Prayer's true element, and life:

If from faith thy prayer up-springs, Love must lend it heaven-ward wings.

Shouldst thou, then, in thy devotion, Feel against thy brother aught, Instantly, with deep emotion, ('heck each unforgiving thought.

Check each unforgiving thought. While thy heart resentment bears, find will never hear thy prayers.

Neither think thou of delaying;
Histred on delay can live;—
Event while thou standest praying,
Front ly, heartily forgive:

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs. Ye children, young and cay ! Your locks, beneath the blast of cares, Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you, Who o'er my pillow hung, Kissed from my cheek the briny d w And taught my faltering tongue.

She, who,a the nightly couch was spread, Would bow my infant knee, And place her hand upon my head, And, kneeing, pray for me.

But, then, there came a featful day: I sought my mother's bid, Till barsh hands fore me thence away, And told me she was dead.



tray *po...
I rose a wild and way wa...
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed; Yet ere at night I slept, That soft hand made my bosom bleed And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled; But oft, at day's decline, A marble touch my brow congealed— Blessed mother, was it thine!—

In foreign lands I travelled wide, My pulse was bounding high, Vice spread her meshes by my side, And pleasure lured my eye:

Yet still that hand, so soft and cold. Maintained its mystic sway. As when, amid my curls of gold, With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod.

Have led the wanderer there.

INDUSTRY AND PRAYER.

WILCOX.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest for It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend:
Life it imparts to watchfulness and prayer.
Statues. without it, in the form of guards.
The c loact which the saint devotes to prayer.
Is not last is temple only, but his tower,
Whithe = he runs for refuge, when attacked;
His as read ory, to which he soon retreats

That, now, to venture near the h Were but profane: a plea that m Glad to impose on conscience wit Of humble veneration, to secure Present indulgence, which, when

It means to mourn with floods of The tempter quits his vain pur When by the mounting suppliant The upper world of purity and lis He loses sight of his intended pre In that effulgence beaming from Radiant with mercy. But devoti To succour and preserve the tem: Whose time and talents rest or ru Ne'er will the incense of the more A salutary sayour through the da With charities and duties not well These form the links of an electric

That join the orisons of morn and And propagate through all its seve While kept continuous, the othere But if a break he formed at

"My son-my only one-beware! Nor sin against thy God." Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole

My kindly warmth away, And dimmed the tablet of the soul;

Yet when, with lordly sway,
This brow the plumed helm displayed,
That guides the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed

These manly locks among,—
That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal monthly by

His frosty seal upon my lot, These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear, A mother's holy prayer, That, now, to venture near the hallowed place Were but profane: a plea that marks a soul Glad to impose on conscience with a show Of humble veneration, to secure Present indulgence, which, when once enjoyed,

It means to mourn with floods of bitter tears.

The tempter quits his vain pursuit, and flies. When by the mounting suppliant drawn too near The upper world of purity and light. He loses sight of his intended prey, In that effulgence beaming from the throne Radiant with mercy. But devotion fails To succour and preserve the tempted soul, Whose time and talents rest or run to waste. Ne'er will the incense of the morn diffuse A salutary sayour through the day. With charities and duties not well filled. These form the links of an electric chain That join the orisons of morn and eve. And propagate through all its several parts, While kept continuous, the othereal fire; But if a break be found, the fire is spent.

Is like a breathing from a rarer world: And the south wind seems liquid-it o'ersteals My bosom and my brow so bathingly. It has come over gardens, and the flowers That kissed it are betraved; for as it parts, With its invisible fingers, my loose hair, I know it has been trifling with the rose, And stooping to the violet. There is joy For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing As if to breathe were music; and the grass

Sends up its modest odour with the dew. Like the small tribute of humility. Lovely indeed is morning! I have drunk Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt

Its delicate touch: and 'tis a kindlier thing .Than music, or a feast, or medicine.

I sung the mountain, and alone I seem in this sequestered place :-Not so : I meet, unseen, vet known.

My Maker, face to face. And hears his voice proclaim.

Love is that name-for " God is Love." Here, where, unbuilt by mortal hands Mountains below, and heaven above-His awful temple stands, I worship. Lord, though I am dust And ashes in thy sight, Be thou my strength; -in thee I trust; Be thou my light. Hither, of old, the Almighty came .

My heart perceives his presence nigh.

While bright his glory passes by. His noblest name.

He smote the rock, and, as he passed, Forth gushed a living stream; The fire, the earthquake, and the blast, Fled as a dream.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BARTON.

BRIGHT in the eastern firmament
The star upon the Magi smil'd;
Before them in their progress went,
And led them to the Heavenly Child.

Had fear or doubt their hearts assail'd,

But they who, following on, adore
The Giver of its guiding ray,
Shall find it shine yet more and more,
Unto the pure and perfect day.

HYMN.

J. PIERPONT.

Bornz by the tempest, on we sail O'er ocean's billowy way; One glorious orb by day we hail, By night one faithful ray.

Thus God his undivided light
Pours on life's troubled wave.

SACRED HARMON

And wilt thou, Omnipresent, deign Within these walls to dwell? Then shalt thou hear our holiest s Our organ's proudest swell.

Devotion's eye shall drink the ligh That richly gushes through Our simple dome of spotless white From thine, of cloudless blue.

And Faith, and Penitence, and Lo-And Gratitude, shall bend To thee:—O hear them from abov-Our Father and our Friend.

POVERTY OF THE SA'

The weary bird hath left the air, And sunk into his sheltered nest; The wandering beast hath sought his lair.

And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread.

Lingers a form of human kind; And, from his lone, unsheltered head,

Flows the chill night-damp on the wind.

Why seeks not he a home of rest?
Why seeks not he the pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;—
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose, To bless, to save, the human race;

To bless, to save, the human race; And, through his poverty, there flows A rich, full stream of heavenly grace. Is not His voice in evening's gale? Beams not with Him the star so pale? Is there a leaf can fade or die, Unnotic'd by His watchful eve?

Each flutt'ring hope, each anxious fear, Each lonely sigh, each silent tear, To thine Almighty Friend is known, And say'st thou, thou art all alone?

COMING OF THE MESSIAH.

CAMPBELL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still, And silence slept on Zion-hill; See. Mercy from her golden urn Pours a rich stream to them that mours?

Behold, she binds with tender care The bleeding bosom of despair!

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart. Bids Satan and his host depart : Again the day-star gilds the gloom.

Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom ! O Zion, lift thy raptur'd eve. The long-expected hour is nigh:

The joys of nature rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

.... w outs settl-settle Lord. Thedient to his Pather's will,

He came, he liv'd, he died : and gratulating voices still

All hail the Prince of David's line! losanna to the Man divine!"

Before and after cried : e came to earth : from eldest years, A long and bright array f Prophet-bards and Patriarch-scers

Proclaimed the glorious day: ie light of heaven in every breast, Its fire on every lip, tuneful chorus on they press'd, I goodly fellowship;

d still their pealing anthems ran, losanna to the Son of Man!"

aa....

---- nusned me-he is dead.

They say that he again will rise, More beautiful than now; That God will bless him in the akies-O, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear, The cold, dark thing you brought, And laid upon the casement here,— A withered worm, you thought?

I told you that Almighty power Could break that withered shell, And show you, in a future hour, Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,— An empty shell to 17

And praying for his mercy, oft she asked With easerness, and seemed the while at ease.

When came the final struggle, with the look
Of a grieved child, and with its mournful cry,
But still with something of her wonted tone
Of confidence in danger, as for help
She called on them, on both alternately,
As if by turns expecting that relief
From each the other had grown slow to yield:
At which their calmness, undisturbed till then,
Gave way to agitation past control.
A few heart-rending moments, and her voice
Sank to a weak and inarticulate moan,
Then in a whisper ended; and with that
Her features grew composed and fixed in death:
At sight of which their lost tranquillity
At once returned. 'Twas evening: and the lamp.

Set near, shone full upon her placid face,

They say that he again will rise. More beautiful than now:

That God will bless him in the skies-O. mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear, The cold, dark thing you brought, And laid upon the casement here,-

I told you that Almighty power Could break that withered shell. And show you, in a future hour. Something would please you well.

A withered worm, you thought?

Look at the chrysalis, my love .-An empty shell it lies;

SACRED HARMONY.

How beautiful will brother be, When God shall give him wings, Above this dying world to flee, And live with heavenly things!"

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Lonn! when we seek thy throne of grace
To crave a blessing there,
O let not earthly things have place,
Unduly, in our prayer.

To know that 'tis thy bounteous hand Our daily bread bestows; To feel that thy protecting care From evil is our shield; To see, in dark temptation's snare,

Thy arm for us revealed;

To know thy kingdom here on earth Within our hearts increase, And prove the all-surpassing worth Of thy pure gift of peace;—

Be such our prayers! For all beside
Thy word a pledge shall be,
For Thou hast promis'd to provide
For all who follow Thee.

MAJESTY AND IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

SACRED HARMON

He saw the struggling beams of in Shoot through the massy gloom of His spirit hush'd the elemental str And brooded o'er the kindling see: Seasons and months began the lon And measur'd o'er the year in brik

The joyful san sprang up th' ether Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom And the pale moon diffus'd her sh Superior o'er the dusky brow of ni Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the Numerous as dew-drops from the w-

Earth's blooming face with rising And apread a verdant mantle o'er Then from the hollow of his hand The circling waters round her win The new-born world in their cool r. And with soft murmurs still her! But oh! our highest notes the thome debase, And silence is our least injurious praise. Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control, Revere him in the stillness of the soul; With silent daty meekly bend before him, And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

"AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

SIGOURNEY.

When adverse winds and waves arise, And in my heart despondence sighs,— When life her throng of care reveals, And weakness o'er my spirit steals,— Grateful I hear the kind decree, That "as my day, my strength shall be."

more must yet be past, o-u onall be," One pang,—the keenest, and the last; And when, with brow convulsed and pale, My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail. Redeemer, grant my soul to see That "as her day, her strength shall be."

-

DEDICATION HYMN.

PIERPONT.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung. Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue— Not now, on Zion's height alone,

The favoured worshipper may dwell, Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat weary, by the patriarch's well.

Prom every place below the skics, The grateful song, the fervent prayer. The incense of the heart, may rise To heaven, and find acceptance there.

a this thy house, whose doors we now For social worship first unfold,

And strength and beauty, bend the knee, And childhood lisp, with reverend air, Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of prophet bards was strung, To thee, at last, in every clime, Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

THE REVELLERS.

ORIO BACKWOODSMAN

THERE were sounds of mirth and joyousness
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call;
And the glass was freely passed around,
And the nectar freely quaffed;
And many a heart felt light with glee
And the joy of the thrilling draught.

A voice arose in that place of mirth, And a glass was flourished high; "I drink to Life," said a son of earth, Cheer, comrades, cheer! We drink to Life, And we do not fear to die!"

Just then a rushing sound was heard. As of spirits sweeping by: And presently the latch flew up.

And the door flew open wide: And a stranger strode within the hall, With an air of martial pride.

He spoke: "I join in your revelry, Bold sons of the Bacchan rite: And I drink the toast you have drunk before,

The pledge of you dauntless knight. Fill high-fill high-we drink to Life,

And we scorn the reaper Death ; For he is a grim old gentleman,

And he wars but with his breath.

He's a noble soul, that champion knight,

THERE is an evening twitight of the news When its wild passion-waves are lull'd to re And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,

As fades the day-beam in the rosy west. 'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret,

We gaze upon them as they melt away,

And fondly would we bid them linger yet,

earthly power.

But Hope is round us with her angel-lay. Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;

Dear are her whispers still, though lost t

In youth, the cheek was crimson'd with her gl Her smile was loveliest then : her matin-so Was heaven's own music, and the note of won Was all unheard her sunny bowers among. Life's little world of bliss was newly born; We knew not, cared not, it was born to die. Flush'd with the cool breeze and the dews of m With dancing heart we gazed on the pure s And mock'd the passing clouds that dimm'd its! Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress, There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now; That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness, Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow.

That smile shall brighten the dim evening-star, That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart Till the faint light of life is fied afar.

And hush'd the last deep beating of the heart; The meteor-bearer of our parting breath, A monobeam in the midnight-cloud of death.

A NOON SCENE

BRYANT.

THE quiet August noon is come
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark you soft white clouds, that rest Above our vale, a moveless throng;

But now, a joy too deep for sound. A peace no other season knows. Hushes the heavens, and wrans the ground.

The blessing of supreme repose. Away! I will not be, to-day,

The only slave of toil and care: Away from desk and dust, away! I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad. Among the plants and breathing things.

The sinless, peaceful works of God.

I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see The gentle meaning of the heart, One day amid the woods with thee.

From men and all their cares apart.

. . .

Winding and widening till they fade In you soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear Still as its spire; and yonder flock, At rest in those calm fields, appear As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks.

Where the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum, from bees and brooks,
Comes faintly, like the breath of sleep.

THE LORD REIGNETH.

BARTON.

The meanest ne'er disdaineth, Raise then, ye poor, your voice on his For you, for you He reigneth.

But chiefly for salvation's gift, Of which He is the Donor, Angels and men, your voices lift, In songs of praise and honour: O sing with gratitude His name

Whose death our life remaineth, The love of Jesus loud proclaim, And say, The Lord still reigneth.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS

SPRAGUE.

GAY, guiltless pair,

What seek ye from the fields of heave
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be foreiven

Penance is not for you. Bless'd wanderers of the upper deen.

To you 'tis given To wake sweet Nature's untaught lavs :

Beneath the arch of heaven To chirp away a life of praise. Then spread each wing.

Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands, And join the choirs that sing In you blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or if ye stay, To note the consecrated hour,

Teach me the airy way,

And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,

On upward wings could I but fly.



That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's migni-

THE WAKENING.

MRS. HEMANS.

" While Day arises, that sweet hour of prime."

How many thousands are wakening now! Some to the songs from the forest-bough, To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane, To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea, To the dash of the waves in their foaming gle As they break into spray on the ship's tall si That holds thro' the tumult her path of me in the camp to the bugle's breath, a tramp of the steed on the echoing heath, s sudden roar of the hostile gun, tells that a field must ere night be won.

ne in the gloomy convict-cell, full deep note of the warning bell, awily calls them forth to die, the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky

ne to the peal of the hunter's horn, ne to sounds from the city borne; ne to the rolling of torrent floods, st old mountains, and solemn woods.

o roused on this chequer'd earth,
o life hath a daily birth,
earful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
dees which first our unanging more

pierced

With the resemblance of a grievous wrong, Or slow distemper, or neglected love, First named these notes a melancholy strain : And youths and maidens most poetical. Who lose the deepening twilight of the spring In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still, Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains. My friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt A different lore: We may not thus profane Nature's sweet voices, always full of love And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates With fast thick warble his delicious notes. As he were featful that an April night Would be too short for him to utter forth His love-chaunt, and disburden his full soul Of all its music!

Farencil. O Warbler! till to-morrow eve.

We have been loitering long and pleasantly.
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate: and if Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale!

THE WIDOW'S MEAL AND OIL.

BARTON.

But if on God our care we cast,

His power remains the same :-Nor do our spirits less demand

The bounty of his liberal hand.

Is there no cruse whose store should feed Devotion's hallow'd fire?

No living bread, whose daily need Our deathless souls require? Are there not seasons when we sigh

In secret o'er our scant supply? Be ours the faith the widow knew.

When she the seer supplied, So shall we own the promise true, God's goodness will provide;

The meal shall last, the cruse fail not, 'Till plenty be our spirits' lot

from spirits in mid sir, heard, were golden viols heard, heavenly symphonics stole faintly down.

" PLEAD THOU MY CAUSE."

WARING.

EAD Thou, oh plead my cause! ach self-excusing plea trembling soul withdraws, nd flies to thee. re justice rears her throne, ho, save thee alone, stand, oh Spotless One

Plead-when the tempter To each fond hope of mine Denies this faithless heart Can e'er be thine. If slander whisper too The sin I never knew,

Thou, who couldst urge the true,

Plead Thou my cause! Oh plead my cause above! Plead thine within my breast: Till there thy peaceful Dove Shall build her nest.

Thou know'st this will-how frail. Thou know'st, though language

My soul's mysterious tale,-Plead Thou my cause!

The sound of anthems,-in the darkling wood, Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down And offered to the Mightlest, solemn thanks And supplication. For his simple heart Might not resist the sacred influences. That, from the stilly twilight of the place, And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven, Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound Of the invisible breath that swayed at once All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed His spirit with the thought of boundless Power.

And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore

Only among the crowd, and under roofs That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least, Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,

Offer one hymn-thrice happy, if it find

Acceptance in his ear. Father, thy hand lath reared these venerable col-

fidst weave

The solitude. Thou art in the sont warmen That run along the summits of these trees In music:—thou art in the cooler breath.

That, from the inmost darkness of the place. Comes, scarcely felt :- the barky trunks, the group The fresh, moist ground are all instinct with the Here is continual worshin:-nature, here. In the tranquillity that thou dost love.

Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around, From perch to perch, the solitary bird Passes: and you clear spring, that, 'midst its ber Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness, in these shades. Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and gra Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak-By whose immoveable stem I stand, and seem Almost annihilated-not a prince,

... petual work anished, yet renewed

ar. Written on thy works. I read soon of thy own eternity.

l grow old and die : but see, again, in the faltering footsteps of decay, presses-ever gay and beautiful youth ts beautiful forms. These lofty trees

not less proudly than their ancestors or beneath them. O, there is not lost

earth's charms: upon her bosom vet. e flight of untold centuries. hness of her far beginning lies. shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate h enemy Death-yea, seats himself sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,

triumphs of his ghastly foe own nourishment. For he came forth own bosom, and shall have -

Uprises the green away, averaged the green that continue the continue that continue

THE LOST PLEIAD.

Awn is there glory from the heavens departed

And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?

It is too sad to think on what see are,

When from its height afar.

A world sinks thus; and you majestic heaven Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star!

WHAT IS THY HOPE!

ANON.

Whar is thy hope!—Oh! if to the earth
Like the grovelling vine it clings,
Nor shoots one aspiring tendril forth
In search after higher things.
In valu is it nurtur'd with ceaseless toil,
Confined to the cold world's ungenial soil;
Each prop that supports it must perish, and all
Its buds of fair promise unopened fall—
Alas! for the hopes that are nourished here
'Midst the storms of carth's changeful atmosphere.

Then what is thy hope? To what pitch of pride, Would thy restless ambition tower? Wouldst thou over fallen empires stride To the summit of human power?



And how worthless are sceptres and threase

To a monarch's soul in his dying hour!

Say, what is thy hope? Dost thou pursue

Of pleasure the giddy round,
With the phantom of happiness ever in view,
Where true happiness never was found?
Oh! plunge not in search after bliss supreme,

'Midst the whirlpeols of pleasure's polluted stream.

Amidst her mad orgies thou never canst find
Joys worth the pursuit of a rational mind;
Oh! fly her seductions, resist her control,
She poisons, debases, and ruins the soul.

But what is thy hope! Dost thou pant to fine
Of riches a treasure untold?
Thou never canst purchase peace of mind,
Nor length of days with gold.

Thou may'st couple thy name with high renown, And send it to future ages down; And men yet unborn may applaud the tale.—

And men yet unborn may appland the tale,— But what will their plaudits to thee avail, When thy form shall be mould'ring amongst the dead.

And thy soul to the last great audit fled?

Then what is thy hope? Consider how high Is thy destiny—think on the worth Of a soul that is born for eternity, Though it solourn awhile upon earth.

Though it sojourn awhile upon earth.

Oh! why are the views of immortals confined
To narrower limits than Heaven assigned?

To narrower limits than Heaven assigned? Why, when form'd to exist in a happier sphere, Should we bury our expectations here;

Should we bury our expectations here And vainly seek for substantial good In a world of unceasing vicissitude?

GOD'S OMNIPRESENT AGENCY.

BRYANT.

How desolate were nature, and how void Of every charm, how like a naked waste Of Africa, were not a present God Beheld employing, in its various scenes, His active might to animate and adorn! What life and beauty, when, in all that breathe Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work! When it is viewed unfolding every bud, Each blossom tinging, shaping every leaf, Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky, Rolling each billow, moving every wing

The whole creation, fixes full on me; As on me shines the sun with his full blaze, While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same, His hand, while holding oceans in its palm, And compassing the skies, surrounds my life Guards the poor rushlight from the blast of death.

LOST FEELINGS.

MONTGOMERY.

On! weep not that our beauty wears

Beneath the wings of Time;

That age o'erclouds the brow with cares

That once was raised sublime.

Like blossoms from a soul Where Sorrow sheds no blighting power And Care has no control.

With all the rich enchantment thrown On Life's fair scene around. As if the world within a zone Of happiness were bound !-

Oh! these endure a mournful doom. As day by day they die: Till age becomes a barren tomb

Where withered feelings lie!

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

The place is silent. Rarely sound Is heard these ancient walls around, Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet Discoursing in the public street; Nor hum of business dull and loud, Nor murmur of the passing crowd, Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,

Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell, From neighbouring fort or citadel; No sound of human toil or strife

No sound of human toil or strife
In death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Or breaks the silence still and deep
Where thou beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that materials sleep

Where thou beneath thy burial stone, Art laid in that unstartled sleep The living eye hath never known. The lonely sexton's footstep falls In diamal echoes on the walls.

In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away,

When thou and I were children yet!
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes, the heart can ne'er forget!
My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstain'd by sin, unstung by pain:
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithly then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath-day!
How lightly then our footseps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God!
For soule, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine
Which guilter bosoms own divine.

I feel not now as then I felt;—
The sunshing of my heart is vet.

SACRED HARMONY.

The spirit now is changed which dwelt Within me in the days of yore. But thou wert snatched, my brother, hence

In all thy guileless innocence; One Sabbath saw thee bend the knee. In reverential piety,-

(For childish faults forgiveness crave)-The next beamed brightly on thy grave. The crowd, of which thou late wert one, Now throngs across thy burial-stone; Rude footsteps trample on the spot,

Where thou liest mouldering-not forgot : And some few gentler bosoms weep In silence o'er thy last long sleep.

I stood not by thy feverish bed,

I looked not on thy glazing eye.

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onceal,

And every deeper shade of pain Had vanished from my soul again. The well-known morn, I used to greet With boyhood's joy, at length was beaming, And thoughts of home and raptures sweet

In every eye but mine were gleaming; But I, amidst that youthful band Of bounding hearts and beaming eyes, Nor smiled nor spoke at joy's command, Nor felt those wonted cestacies! I loved my home, but trembled now To view my father's altered brow; I feared to meet my mother's eye, And hear her voice of agony; I feared to view my native spot.

Where he who loved it now was not. The pleasures of my home were fled; My brother slumbered with the dead.

SACRED HARMONY.

129 souls were knit, and thou and I.

ly brother, grew in love together. chain is broke that bound us then : en shall I find its like again!

THE END OF TIME.

ANON.

an Angel on a cloud,

ne floating through the air; eavens look'd like the world's dark shroud.

blacken'd with despair:

mighty stride he stalked forth. d eke the middle clime;

mpassing the south and north,

Ill wither'd was the vernal grass .-

The sea laid bare its bed: The mountains skipped to and fro.

The troubled world did groan;

Threat'ning the vales to overthrow .-

Juenched beneath the brighter blaze That round the Angel shone. Joon a mountain's rugged height He fix'd his left foot sure .-And on the ocean's waves so bright Planted his right secure: With arms uplifted to the sky. He swore, by Him who reigns on high, Girded with might and power; And who created earth and sea In all their vast immensity,-That-Time should be no more!

The sun withdrew his glittering rave.

Mankind in wild confusion fled, The living mingling with the dead,— Thrones and dominions fell: The huge ship sank into the wave, Engulf'd in ocean's yawning grave,— Buried beneath its swell!

The light still dim and dimmer grew,
Till awailow'd up in night;
And then the Angel, to my view,
Shone like a meteor bright;
The tempest ceased its raging breath,—
All nature yielded up to death,
The earth, the sky, the sea:
A dark cloud rose upon my sight,
And shrouded all in tenfold night,—

Twas blank Eternity!

The helmed watchers pand for break A change is on the bill of & The shouts And turn with wild and manine over ktom the dark scene of sections;

That sacrifice the death of Him-Mell man the conscious peacety side que

And blacken the beholding sun! The wonted light hath fied a way, Night settles on the middle day; And earthquake from his cavern'd bed

Is anyting with a thrill of dread. The dead are moving underneath!

Their prison-door is rent away! And ghastly with the seal of death,

They wander in the eye of day! The temple of the cherubin-

The house of God is cold and dim. A curse is on its trembling walls

estic veil asunder falls. holds of earth Oh, shall the heart, whose sinfulness Gave keenness to this sore distress, And, added to His tears of blood, Refuse its trembling gratitude!

THE GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

BOWLES.

ten evening listen'd to the dripping oar, getting the loud city's ceaseless roar the green banks, where Thames, with conscious pride, and the stately structure on his side, in whose walls, as their long labours close, wanderers of the ocean find repose, ore in social ease the

Stood as to feel the comfortable wind That gently lifted his gray hair: his face Seem'd then of a faint smile to wear the trace. The other fix'd his gaze upon the light

Parting: and when the sun had vanish'd quite. Methought a starting tear that Heaven might bless. Unfelt, or felt with transient tenderness. Came to his aged eyes, and touch'd his cheek ! And then, as meek and silent as before. Back hand-in-hand they went, and left the shore.

As they departed through the unheeding crowd

A cared bird sung from the casement loud: And then I heard alone that blind man say. "The music of the bird is sweet to-day !" I said. "O Heavenly Father! none may know The cause these have for silence or for woe!" Here they appear heart-stricken or resign'd.

AUTUMN.

LONGPELLOW.

O, WITH what glory comes and goes the year!—
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingérs
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and, with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now Its mellow richness on the clustered trees, And, from a beaker full of richest dyes, Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,

this world put on ervent heart, goes forth florious sky, and looks hed, and days well spent the yellow leaves, give him eloquent teachin olemn hymn, that Deatl that he shall go place without a tear.

MAY-FLY.

ANON.

eve was warm and brigh y-fly burst from his shel 'd awhile in that fair lig r's gentle swell; ning tints of the crimson

n the wing of the glad N

137 pring fair;

l, h has shed. d of years

and fears

My quiet footstep falls,-Where words, like ancient chronicles, Are scattered o'er the walls:

A thousand phantoms seem to rise Beneath my lightest tread.

And echoes bring me back replies From homes that hold the dead!

Death's harvests of a thousand years Have here been gathered in :--

The vintage where the wine was tears. The labourer was Sin :-

The loftiest passions and the least Lie sleeping, side by side,

And love hath reared its staff of rest Beside the grave of pride!

Their lone memorials wave:

Alike o'er each-alike o'er all. me to an the smilntured wall.

Songs that have one unwearied tone, Though they sing of many an age, And tales, to which each graven stone

And tales, to which each graven stone Is but the title-page!

The warrior here hath sheathed his sword, The poet crushed his lyre, The miser left his counted hoard,

The miser left his counted hoard,
The chemist quenched his fire;
The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute.

To hear her lover's lute, And all the trumpets of the earth In the soldier's ear are mute!

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head

Has flung his crutch aside,

And the roung man gained the bridal bed

And the young man gained the bridal bed Where death is the young man's bride; The mother is here whom a weary track THERE's beauty in the deep:—
The wave is bluer than the sky:
And though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow,
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the occan's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surt's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore;—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away
There's music in the deep.

Here, far beneath the tainted foam, That frets above our peaceful home, We dream in joy, and wake in love, Nor know the rage that yells above. There's quiet in the deep.

ART.

SPRAGUE.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven, Man fled before his Maker's wrath, ART left for him her place in heaven, To guide the wanderer's sunless path.

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noon-tide sunbeam never blazed:—
The thistle shrank—the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladden'd as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their springs of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak, -and bids it ride,

He bids the mortal posson And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep. Admiring Beauty's lap to fill : He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,

And forms it with a master's skill. With thoughts that swell his glowing soul, He bids the oar illume the page,

And proudly scorning Time's control, Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name, And treads the chambers of the sky;

He reads the stars and grasps the flame That quivers round the Throne on high. In war renown'd, in peace sublime,

He moves in greatness and in grace; His power, subduing space and time, rinks realm to realm, and race to race.

MERED HARMONY.

never will in other climate grow, trly visitation, and my last n, which I bred up with tender hand he first opening bud, and gave ye names! w shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank bes, and water from th' ambrosial fount? tly, nuptial bower! by me adorned it to sight or smell was sweet! from thee I I part, and whither wander down er world; to this obscure how shall we breathe in other air accustom'd to immortal fruits?

TO THE DAISY.

PLETCHER.

lower with starry brow, ng in thy bed of spor

Winter's cold, nor ounsum a seem.
Blights thee in thy snug retreet;
Chill'd by snow or scoreh'd by fixme
Thou for ever art the same.
Type of truth, and emblem fair

Type of truth, and emblem fair Of virtue struggling through despair, Close may sorrows hem it round, Troubles bend it to the ground Yet the soul within is calm, Dreads no anguish, fear no harm: Conncious that the Hand which tries

Conscious that the Hand which tries All its latent energies, Can, with more than equal power, Bear it through temptation's hour, Still the conflict, soothe its sighs, And plant it 'neath congental skies. I love to watch at silent eve.

Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light. And have my inmost heart receive The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark Their beauty greet the night breeze chill, And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,

The garden's glory still. For such 'tis sweet to think the while. When cares and griefs the breast invade. Is friendship's animating smile

In sorrow's dark'ning shade. Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,

Glist'ning amid its dewy tears, And bears the sinking spirit up,

Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far



Now, while the Rose that has burst ner cup. Opens her heart and freely throws To me her odours, I offer up Thanks to the Being who made the Rose.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

T. K. HERVEY.

THE noon-day sun is riding high
Along the calm and cloudless sky:
The mantle of its gorgoous glow
Floats sleepily o'er all below:
And heaven and earth are brightly gay
Beneath the universal ray:

All things reposed in sanctity.

I reached the chancel,—nought was changed.

The altar decently arranged.

The pure white cloth above the shrine,
The consecrated bread and wine,
All was the same. I found no trace
Of sorrow in that holy place.
One hurried glance I downward gave,—
My foot was on my brother's grave!

And years have passed—and thou art now Forgotten in thy silent tomb;
And cheerful is my mother's brow;
My father's eye has lost its gloom;
And years have pass'd—and death has laid Another victim by thy side;
With thee be roams, an infant shade.
But not more pure than thee he died.

The Rose-tree blooms, while the birds sing t And earth gives glory to Nature's God.

Under this beautiful work of thine. The flowery houghs that are bending o'er The glistening turf, to thy will divine I kneel, and its Maker and mine adored Thou art around us. Thy robe of light Touches the gracefully waving tree.

Turning to jewels the tears of night.

And making the buds unfold to thee.

Thy name is marked in delicate lines. On flower and leaf that deck the stem:

Thy care is seen, and thy wisdom shines In even the thorn that is guarding them. Now, while the Rose that has burst her cup. Opens her heart and freely throws

To me her odours. I offer up

Thanks to the Being who made the Rose.

SACRED HARMONY.

But not a wandering sunbeam falls Within these high and hallowed walls. Which echo back my lonely tread, Like solemn answers from the dead: -The murmurs steal along the nave. And die above my sister's grave! 'Tis evening-still I linger here ; Yet sorrow speaks not in a tear! The silence is so sadly deep. The place so pure, I dare not weep: I sit as in a shapeless dream, Where all is changing, save its theme; And if a sigh will sometimes heave A heart that loves, but may not grieve, It seems as though the spirits round Sent back reproachfully the sound; I gaged around with fearful eye :

All things reposed in sanctity.

But who can tell what blissful shore Your angel-spirits wander o'er!

And who can tell what raptures high Now bless your immortality!

My boyish days are nearly gone; My breast is not unsullied now; And worldly cares and woes will soon

And worldly cares and woes will soon
Cut their deep furrows on my brow,—
And life will take a darker hue

From ills my brother never knew;
And I have made me bosom friends,
And loved, and linked my heart with others;

And loved, and linked my heart with others;
But who with mine his spirit blends,
As mine was blended with my brother's?

When years of rapture glided by.
And then I start, and think I have
A chiding from my sister's grave!

Lost spirit !- thine was not a breast To struggle vainly after rest:

Thou wert not made to bear the strife. Nor labour through the storms of life : Thy heart was in too warm a mould To mingle with the dull and cold :

And every thought that wronged thy truth, Fell like a blight upon thy youth:

Thou shouldst have been, for thy distress, Less pure, and, oh! more passionless : For sorrow's wasting mildew gave Thy beauty to my sister's grave.

But all thy griefs, my girl, are o'er .-Thy fair-blue eyes shall weep no more: 'Tis sweet to know thy fragile form Lies safe from every future storm.

Oft as I haunt the dreary gloom, That gathers round thy peaceful tomb,

I love to see the lightning stream

How cit, above thy lowly bed, When all in silence slumbered low,

The fond and filial tear was shed. Thou child of love, of shame, and woe!

Her wrong'd but gentle bosom burn'd With joy thy opening bloom to see ;

The only breast that o'er thee yearn'd: The only heart that cared for thee. Oft her young eye, with tear-drops bright,

Pleaded with Heaven for her sweet child. When faded dreams of past delight

O'er recollection wandered wild.

Pair was thy blossom, bonny flower,

Fair as the softest wreaths of spring, When late I saw thee seek the bower In peace thy morning-hymn to sing.

Mb - Masta Cash assess Aba Isama

Start tiptoe on the verge of air,

"Twixt childhood and unstable youth ;

But now I see thee stretch'd at rest:

To break that rest shall wake no morrow!

Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast!

Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow!

May thy long sleep be sound and sweet; Thy visions fraught with bliss to be; And long the daisy, emblem meet.

Shall shed its earliest tear o'er thee!

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

THOMSON.

THE North-east spends his rage; he now, shut up

Her treasures on the discourse. To view the waves engulf her ark.

Ah! ne'er to vield it forth again!

And then the voice of Love no more The shrick that tells when Hope hath peri

Shall vainly bid thy caves restore The lost-lost all, his soul had cherish'd.

And then our eyes thy changeful mood-Thine ebb and flow no more shall see:

There shall be no vicissitude

When thou-its type-hast ceased to be!

When nought is left of doubt and pain. When Time becomes Eternity.

When emblems none of thine remain-'Tis fit there should be "no more sea." the weakness when the body feels,
Nor danger in contempt orthes,
To reason, when desire appeals,
When, on experience, hope relies;
When every passing hour we prize,
Nor rashly on our follies spend;
But use it as it quickly flies,
With sober aim, to serious end;
When prudence bounds our utmost views,
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive;
When we can calmly gain or lose.—
Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Yet thus, when we our way discern,
And can upon our care depend,
To travel safely, when we learn,
Behold I we're near our journey's end.
We've trod the maze of error round,
Long wand'ring in the winding glade.
And now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we stray'd:
Light for ourselves, what is it worth,
When we no more our way can choose '
For others when we hold it forth,
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

By long experience taught, we now Can rightly judge of friends and focs. were the living.

And then no more shall Hope embark Her treasures on the uncertain main, To view the waves engulf her ark, Ah! ne'er to vield it forth again!

And then the voice of Love no more
The shrick that tells when Hope hath perish'd
Shall vainly bid thy caves restore
The lost—lost all, his soul had cherish'd.

And then our eyes thy changeful mood— Thine ebb and flow no more shall see; There shall be no vicissitude When thou—its type—hast ceased to be!

When nought is left of doubt and pain, When Time becomes Eternity, When emblems none of thine remain

Its weakness when the body feels,

To reason, when desire appeals. When, on experience, hope relies ;

When every passing hour we prize,

Nor rashly on our follies spend ; But use it as it quickly flies.

With sober aim, to serious end; When prudence bounds our utmost views.

And bids us wrath and wrong forgive; When we can calmly gain or lose,-

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Long wand'ring in the winding glade;

And now the torch of truth is found,

It only shows us where we stray'd: Light for ourselves, what is it worth,

When we no more our way can choose?

Nor danger in contempt defies,

'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

To what effect? our irienus are guess, Beyond reproof, regard, or care; And of our foes remains there one, The mild relenting thoughts to share?

Now 'tis our boast that we can quell The wildest passions in their rage; Can their destructive force repel.

And their impetuous wrath assuage: Ah! virtue, dost thou arm, when now This bold rebellious race are fled; When all these tyrants rest, and thou Art warring with the mighty dead?

Art warring with the mighty dead? Revenge, ambition, scorn, and pride, And strong desire and fierce disdain, The giant-brood, by thee defled.

Lo! Time's resistless strokes have slain.

Yet is there nothing men can do.

When chilling age comes creeping on? Cannot we yet some good pursue?

Are talents buried ? genius gone? If passions slumber in the breast, If follies from the heart be fled; Of laurels let us go in quest,

And place them on the poet's head. Yes, we'll redeem the wasted time,

And to neglected studies flee; We'll build again the lofty rhyme, Or live, philosophy, with thee:

Eternal fame reward shall be:

Th' admiring crowd shall envying see, Begin the song! begin the theme!

For reasoning clear, for flight sublime, And to what glorious heights we'll climb, When all the friends that bless'd his prime Were vanish'd like a morning dream; Pluck'd one by one by spareless Time, And scatter'd in oblivion's stream;

Passing away all silently, Like snow-flakes melting in the sea:

Or, 'mid the summer of his years,
When round him throng'd his children young,
When bright eyes gush'd with burning tears,
And snuish dwelt on every tongue,

And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widow'd wife, scarce half resign'd?

Or 'mid the sunshine of his spring,

Or, 'mid the sunshine of his spring, Came the swift bolt that dash'd him down; When she, his chosen, blossoming

When she, his chosen, blossoming
In beauty, deem'd him all her own,
And forward look'd to happier years,

SACRED HARMONY.

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Place not on aught of earth thy trust: 'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter, then, if thus,

Without a stone, without a name, To impotently herald us .-

We float not on the breath of fame: But, like the dew-drop from the flower.

Pass, after glittering for an hour? The soul decays not: freed from earth

And earthly toils, it bursts away :-

Receiving a celestial birth. And spurning off its bonds of clay. It soars and seeks another sphere,

And blooms through Heaven's eternal year.

Do good; shun evil; live not thou.

As if in death thy being died:

All scattered !-all sundered by mountain andware. And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks, that circled around. With wild-flowers, and sweet-brier, and exianting crowned: I thought of the river, all quiet and bright

As the face of the sky on a blue summer night: And I thought of the trees, under which we had

straved. Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade: And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find Of the names, and the carvings, impressed on the

rind.

All eager. I hastened the scene to behold. The damed enored and dear by the feelings of old; -- ELOVE

came home to my how of earth all the giories depart ! saw are baseless,—our hopes but a gloun,— Plat a read, our life but a dream.

let us look let our prospects allurothat can fade not, to realms that endure, to blessings, that triumph sublime ightings of Change, and the ruins of

 $T_{ASTE.}$

ARENSIDE.

aste, but these internal powers ng, and feelingly alimHow lovely! How commanding! But the Heaven In every breast hath sown these early seeds Of love and admiration, yet in vain, Without fair Culture's kind parental aid, Without enlivening suns, and genial showers, And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope

Of love and admiration, yet in vain, Without fair Culture's kind parental aid, Without fair Culture's kind parental aid, Without enlivening suns, and genial showers, And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope The tender plant should rear its blooming he Or yield the harvest promised in its spring. Nor yet will every soil with equal stores Repay the tiller's labour; or attend His will, obsequious, whether to produce The olive or the laurel. Different minds Incline to different objects: one pursues The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild; Another sighs for harmony and grace, And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the grant furious whirlwinds rend the howling

Such, and so various, are the tastes of men.

SUMMER AND WINTER EVENINGS.

SHARP.

How bright, and yet how calm this eve; Above, below, all seems to me So lovely, that we might believe "Twas nature's jubilee— For earth and sky, this glorious even, Seem glowing with the hues of heaven.

How beautiful that vivid sky,
Lit by the parting sun's last ray,
We gaze till it appears more nigh—
And fancy, as we gaze,
That deep-blue sky a boundless sea,
Covered with vessels gloriously.

Yes: each dark cloud a barque appears, Each whiter one the foam— There one to distant countries steers While these sail quick towards home:



Seems to lament each parting ray Until the next returning day.

The bright and glowing summer's past;
'Tis winter, and in storm and rain
The day was darkened,—now at last
The sun appears again—
Just for a moment glads our sight,
And, seen midst clouds, seems doubly bright.

Again look upwards—once again Behold the wintry sun has set; None of the summer barques remain: A nobler image yet Strikes on the Christian gazer's mind, And leaves all others far behind.

The sun, whose way through that expanse
Has been, since first his course began,
Through storms and clouds, seems to our glane
A fitting type of man:

Thus, as the sun in winter's gloom
Sinks more than ever bright,
The Christian's hopes his way illume,
And gild his path with light:
As the sun sets the Christian dies,—

For thus the Christian's narrow way With clouds is darkened day by day.

Both, on a brighter, happier day to rise.

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

COLERIDGE.

Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint mumur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd! and across the porch
Thick jasmins twin'd: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot, which you might aprly call
The valley of seclusion! Once! saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle cold, and made him muse

And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,

And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire:

And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire:
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shorele

Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—

To seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought, Had built him there a temple: the whole world Seen.'d imag'd in its vast circumference.

No wish profan'd my overwhelmed heart. Blest hour! it was a luxury—to be!

Ah quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublime, I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right, While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled, That I should dream away the entrusted hours On rose-leaf beds, pamp'ring the coward heart with feelings all too delicate for use?

Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:

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when after honourable toil ie tir'd mind, and waking loves to dream, it shall revisit thee, dear cot! min and thy window-peeping rose, rtles fearless of the mild sea air. hall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode!

d none greater ! and that all had such !

COME, CREATOR.

DRYDEN.

ron Spirit, by whose aid world's foundations first were laid, visit every pious mind; pour thy joys on human kind; Then lay thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe, And peace, the Iruit of love, bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe: Give us thyself, that we may see

The Pather, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,

Attend the Almighty Father's name: The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died:

And equal adoration be,

Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

O'er it love and friendship mourn, Beauty weeps the fallen brave!

But there is a glorious fight. Fought by heroes little known.

Nor has Fame, to tell their might, Oft her silver trumpet blown.

Yes, there is a holy cause-In that cause to yield my breath, Though I miss the world's applauce. I would die the martyr's death.

Here a soldier's ashes rest-In this desert spot of ground,

Long the foe around him press'd. Now he is with glory crown'd.

Let the world its heroes praise, - Round their tombs its law els twine,

What dost thou, Christian. 'midst the state Which haunts the mansions of the great.

Where tribes of servile flatterers wait, To worship pomp or power? What dost thou at the feative board,

With sparkling wines and daintles stored, Where riot holds his rites abhorr'd, And madness rules the hour?

What dost thou, Christian, where, I ween, The lowly Saviour ne'er had been?

Shun, shun the gay, delusive scene, The poison'd chalice fly.

O'er sorrow's darken'd chamber throw The light which soothes a mourner's woe,

And wipe away the tears that flow From misery's melting eye.

Go, bid the church of Jesus feel The impulse of thy sacred zeal;

To sid thy kin, thy country's weal,

SACRED HARMONY.

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winds breathe low; the withering leaf caree whispers from the tree; gently flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud The sunset beam is cast! 'Tis like the memory left behind When loved ones breathe their last. With the sacrifice of love : And, through heaven's expanded portal.

VEDDER.

WHEN the lunar light is leaping On the streamlet and the lake: When the winds of Heaven are sleeping,

And the nightingale awake :-

While mirrored in the ocean The bright orbs of heaven appear,-

'Tis the hour of deep devotion-

Lift thy soul to Heaven in prayer.

When the autumn breeze is sighing

THE HOUR FOR DEEP DEVOTION.

Bear it to the throne immortal!

Gladly would be soar above.

In sorrow, and in sickness,
And in poverty and pain;
And in vigour, or in weakness,
On the mountain or the plain:
In the desert, on the ocean,—
To the throne of love repair;
All are hours for deep devotion—

Lift thy soul to Heaven in prayer.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

WHAT is this BODY !-Fragile, frail

As vegetation's tenderest leaf—



By timely culture unsustained, or run Into a wild disorder: or be forced To drudge through weary life without the aid Of intellectual implements and tools: A savage horde among the civilized. A service band among the lordly free: This right, as sacred almost as the right To exist and be supplied with sustenance And means of life, the lisning babe proclaims To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will, For the protection of his innocence: And the rude boy-who, having overpast The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled. Yet mutinously knits his angry brow, And lifts his wilful hand, on mischief bent, Or turns the sacred faculty of speech To inscious use--by process indirect Deciates his due, while he makes know

HONY.

TO EDUCATER

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orious time her noticest confiperial realm; shall edmit o inch her and con;

SACRED HARMONY. This sacred right is fruitlessly announced.

This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urgs it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to reach the state's parental ear;
Who, it indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good; which, England, safe

of Indonesa , without sinh language

From interference of external force.

And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, do alike require
That permanent provision should be made
For the whole people to be taught and trained
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits
Take their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plat
When a young mother with her First-born, t
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye

her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to the serious glance, rejoiced to the serious glance.

The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose, As at a red-flower's heart: and where a fount Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,

Drawing clear water for his rosy lips.

Making its banks green gems along the wild, There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave And softly parting clusters of jet curls To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reach'd. The earth's One Sanctuary: and rapture hush'd

Her bosom, as before her, through the day It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd In light like floating gold. But when that hour Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy Lifted, through rain-bow gleaming tears, his eye Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear, Turn'd from the white-robed priest, and round her

arm

Turn'd from its goor away . While, through its chambers wandering, wear hearted. I languish for thy voice, which past me still.

Went like a singing rill!

"Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt m

When from the fount at evening I return. With the full-water urn!

Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs g

As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake. And watch for thy dear sake !

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall re

thee. Without thy Mother's hand to smooth thy bed Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath we

'I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee, A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart! And precious as thou art, And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee, My own, my beautiful, my undefiled! And thou shall be HIS child.

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT

PEARODY.

And this is death! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears!
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
And yet too beautiful for tears.
The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its roselike red;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow, Half shaded by the silken hair, That never looked so fair as now, When life and health were laughing there,

And yet why mourn? that does renose Shall never more be broke by pain:

> Within the paradise of God. Once more I gaze-and swift and far The clouds of death in sorrow fiv: I see thee, like a new-born star. Move up thy pathway in the sky: The star hath rays serene and bright, But cold and pale compared with thine; For thy orb shines with heavenly light, With beams unfading and divine.

Those lips no more in sighs unclose. Those eyes shall never weep again. For think not that the blushing flower

Shall wither in the churchyard sod.

'Twas made to gild an angel's bower

That melts not work

But no, that look is not the last, We may yet meet where seraphs dwell, Where love no more deplores the past, Nor breathes that withering word—Farewell.

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

HEMANS.

YES, thou hast met the sun's last smile,
From the haunted hills of Rome;
By many a bright Ægean isle,
Thou hast seen the billows foam.
From the silence of the Pyramid
Thou hast watch'd the solemn flow
Of the Nile, that with its waters hid
The ancient resident heliow.

For o'er the snows, ----Hath swept a noble flood; The nurture of the peasants' vines

Hath been the martyrs' blood! A spirit, stronger than the sword,

And luftier than despair, Through all the heroic region pour'd Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep

And the sounding streams glad record keep Of courage unto death, Ask of the peasant where his sires

.... all around-

Por truth and freedom bled, Ask, where were lit the torturing fires, Where lay the holy dead;

And while the song of praise ascends, And while the torrent's voice Like the swell of many an organ blends, Then let thy soul rejoice!

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn, Through shame, through death, made strong, Before the rocks and heavens have borne

Witness of God so long!

DEATH.

PROM THE SPANISH.

O, LET the soul her slumbers break, Let thought be quicken'd and awake; Awake to see

Lie calm and still.

This world is but the rugged road Which leads us to the bright abode Of peace above; So let us choose that narrow way, Which leads no traveller's foot ast: From realms of love.
Our birth is but the starting place Our life the running of the race; We reach the goal, When, in that mansion of the bler Death leads to its eternal reat The weary soul.

Behold of what delusive worth The bubbles we pursue on earth, The shapes we chase

The hues that play O'er rosy lip, and brow of snow; When hoary age approaches slow, Ah, where are they? The cunning skill, the curious arts,

The glorious strength that youth imparts, In life's first stage .-

These shall become a heavy weight, When time swings wide his outward gate To weary age.

Where are the high-born dames-and where Their gay attire and jewell'd hair, And odours sweet ? Where are the gentle knights that came To kneel and breathe love's ardent flame

Low at their feet? Where is the song of Troubadour;

Where are lute and gay tambour,

And cover'd trench secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death! from thee:
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their!
Unerringly.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR

THY neighbour? it is he whom th Hast power to aid and bless— Whose aching heart or burning by Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ?—'tis the fainting Whose eye with want is dim, Whom hunger sends from door t Go thou, and succour him. Widow and orphan, helpless left-Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave, Fettered in thought and limb, Whose hopes are all beyond the grave— Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form Less favour'd than thy own, Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm, Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by, Perhaps thou canst redeem The breaking heart from misery— Go, share thy lot with him. The tiger holds his solitude; Nor (taught by recent harm to shun The thunders of the English gun) A dreadful guest but rarely seen.

Returns to scare the village green. Come boldly on, no venom'd snake

Can shelter in so cool a brake :

Child of the snn! he loves to lie 'Mid Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,

> Where o'er some tower in ruin laid. The peepul spreads its haunted shade, Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe, Fit warder in the gate of death! Come on! Yet pause! behold us now Beneath the bamboo's arched bough. Where gemming oft that sacred gloom, Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom, And winds our path through many a bower Of fragrant tree and crimson flower:

Far off in desert dank and rude.

And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain) To gaze upon her oaks again.

A truce to thought! the jackal's cry
Resounds like silvan revelry;
And through the trees yon falling ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes;
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confess'd
The broad Dhatura bares her breast
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A nearl around the locks of night!

E'en here there may be happiness; And He, the bounteous Sire, has given His peace on earth, his hope of heaven.

DIVINE MERCY TO THE PENITEN.

ADDISON.

When, rising from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear, I see my Maker face to face; O, how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found, And mercy may be sought, My heart with inward horror shrinks, And shudders at the thought

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand discir In majesty severe, And sit in judgment on my soul;

O, how shall I appear!

Thou hast told the troubled so

SACRED HARMONY.

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For never shall my soul despair Her pardon to procure, Who knows Thy only Son has died, To make that pardon sure.

DEATH.

BLAIR.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death! To him that is at ease in his possessions; Who, counting on long years of pleasure here, is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come! In that dread moment, how the frantic soul Raves round the walls of her clay tenement, Runs to each avenue, and shricks for hele-but shricks in vain!

Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight-196 And every lifestring bleeds at thoughts of parting

For part they must; body and soul must part; Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair. This wings its way to its Almighty Source, The Witness of its actions, now its Judge;

That drops into the dark and noisome grave, Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death) If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,

Returning to the barren womb of nothing. Whence first they sprang; then might the debaucher Untrembling month the beavens: then might the

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd. Fill up another to the brim, and laugh

At the poor bugbear Death ; then might the wretch

That's weary of the world, and tired of life,

At once give each inquietude the slips and of being when he pleased, hemp or steel;

! Let not, upon disgust, nd be foully crimson'd o'er own lord. Dreadful attempt! self-slaughter, in a rage resence of our Judge : ed him to do his worst. his wrath! Unheard-of tortures for such: these herd together, n'd shun their society. emselves as fiends less foul. and all our days are number'd: ert, we know not :- this we know, calmly wait the summons. I Heaven shall give permission: must keep their destined stand, inted hour, till they're relieved, brave who keen their or

If night's blue curtain With thousand stars inv Hung, like some royal car With glittering diamon Be, Lord, thy temple's or What glory round the st

Till vale and mount But shows, O Lord, o What then the day w Ah! how shall these That noon of living Or how my spirit so Upon thy brights Anoint, O Lord, ar And robe me for th

The dazzling sun, at no Forth from his flami Flinging o'er earth his Oh! what precious things there be,
Shrined and sepulchred in thee!
Gems and gold from every eye,
Hid within thy bosom lie:
Many a treasure-laden bark
Reests within thy caverns dark:
And where towers and temples rose,
Buried continents repose:
Giant secrets of thy breast,
With their thousand isles of rest—
With their brave and beauteous forms
Undisturb'd beneath thy storms;
In a safe and peaceful home,
Where the mourner may not come,
Nor the stranger rudely tread

O'er their calm and coral bed. Where the ocean buried lies, Then shall the archangel stand, One foot on sea, and one on shore, And swear with an uplifted hand That time shall be no more! And while heaven's last thunders roll, Sounding nature's parting knoll, Like a burning, blackening scroll, Reeling from the face of day, Earth and sea shall fee away!

HYMN.

HEBER.

Lo, the lilies of the field, How their leaves instruction yield;

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Keeps our feathers lest they fall: Pass we blithely then the time, Pearless of the snare and lime, Pree from doubt and faithless sorrow: God provideth for the morrow!"

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast! And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,

Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;

Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;

Now when thou diest, thou canst not boodwinked be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou caust know nothing perfectly.
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise The glory of thy Maker's sacred name: .. wen waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs, O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord. Thy mercy set me free: Whilst, in the confidence of prayer, My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung, High on the broken wave,

I knew Thou wert not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired, Obedient to Thy will: The sea, that roar'd at Thy command,

At Thy command was still. In midst of dangers, fears, and death, Thy goodness I'll adore;

And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'at my life, Thy sacrifice shall be; And death. If death must be my doom,

Shall Join my soul to Thee 1

The light clouds mingled, brigue.

Of glory, as the scraph-shapes surround, That in the vision of the good descend, And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.

There are emotions, in that grateful hour

Of twilight and seconly, which steal Upon the heart with more than wonted power, Making more pure and tender all we feel,

S. Acting its very core, as doth the shower The thirsty piebe of summer. We reveal

More, in such hours of stillness, unto those

We love, than years of passion could linebox.

The heavens look down on us with eye of live. are nearens look down on us with eyes or me.

And earth itself looks heavenly; the sleep

Of nature is around us, but above
Are beings that eternal vigils keep.
Tis sweet to dwell on such, and deem they strove

With sorrow once, and fled from crowds to weep In loneliness, as we perchance have done; And sigh to win the glory they have won!

Tis sweet to mark the sky's unruffled blue Fast deepening into darkness, as the rays Of lingering eye die fleetly, and a few

Stars of the brightest beam filume the blaze Like woman's eye of loveliness, seen through

The veil, that shadows it in vain; we gaze In mute and stirless transport, fondly listening As there were music in its very glistening.

'Tis thus in solitude: but sweeter far, By those we love, in that all-softening hour, To watch with mutual eyes each coming star. And the faint moon-rays streaming through our bower

Of foliage, wreathed and trembling and

SACRED HARMONY.

To whom the poet swells the song, And cherub's loftier notes belong : To thee be glory, honour, praise:

Great Gop! who canst depress or raise. Say, all ye learned, all ye wise,

What towering pillars prop the skies? What massy chain suspends the earth? 'Tis His high power who gave it birth. 'Tis He who sends the grateful shower; 'Tis He who paints the glowing flower. Let the loud anthem raise the strain, While echo murmurs it again.

And ve who wander o'er the sheaf-crown'd field

Praise Him for all the plenty harvest yields; Let harp and voice their swelling notes combin-To praise all nature's God, the Architect divinAnd, where the blossoms fall in showers, The spirit, like a meteor, flits.

If, where the waves are bounding dark Adventurous, to my boat I flee, Beside me, in the shadowy bark, It toils upon the tumbling sea.

If, when the night clouds roll away,
I look upon those worlds afar,
White as the whitest cloud of day
I see it flit from star to star.

I hear it in the breeze that wails

Around the abbey's mouldering walls;
I hear it in the softest gales

That ever sigh'd through marble halls.

SACRED HARMONY.

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Let them thy Bridal Chaplet twine,
Whose hands are skilful to combine
The buds of hope and flowers of joy;
Whose happier lot hath let them know
The bowers of Eden where they grow;
From whom they shrink not at the touch—
The pastime sweet, and meet for such,
Would heart and fancy both employ.

But ask not me the wreath to twine, In whom both grief and sickness join To render for the task unfit; The cloud hath blotted out my day, My dreams of bliss have fled away; My pleasures, scatter'd to the wind, Have left but loneliness behind, Where cladness promised once to sit.

thee a wreath I'll twine-

HYMN.

REMANS.

On! thou Creator, Pather, Priend, Source of all blessings mortals prize, Let nature's praise to thee ascend, In swelling chorus to the skies.

Most high, ineffable, supreme, Celestial, awful, brightest, bright; The cherubim's inspiring theme, Enrob'd in glory, crown'd with light!

When solemn thunders distant roll, And when the vivid lightnings dart, hey strike upon th' astonish'd soul, And speak thy pow'r to ev'ry heart.

The violet in its scented bed. And all, my sister, all are thine. No stranger hand shall dare intrus To bear thy flowery store away :

I'll chide each footstep wandering And guard thy border's bright a And in the summer's happy hours When youthful hearts with joy 1

I'll seek again thy favourite flower And hear thy soft voice whisper

And though pale winter's form ap And chase away the garden's bl The falling leaves shall more end The memory of thy early tomb.

Pair flowers! though earth the sw

And hide you in her quiet brea

Alas! their influence o'er thy bed, No infant sweetness shall disclose.

But He who clothes the leafless grove, And bids the vanished flower return; O! He will still his creatures love, And guard thy sad funereal urn.

Then o'er my sister's peaceful sod,
I'll shed the tears of hope and love;
And while she sleeps in peace with God,
Wait for a happier rest above.

A garland of her loveliest flowers
I'll lay upon the grassy mound;
I'll on her brow in blissful bowers,
A wreath of living sweets be found.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

HEMANS.

THE infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire Source of all good, oh, teach my voice to sing. To swell the adoration of the lyre ; Thee, from whom nature's genuine beauties spring; Thee, Gop of truth, omnipotent and wise, Thee, trop of truth omning. Who saidst to chaos, "Let the earth sriss." Oh l Author of the rich luxuriant year, Love, truth, and mercy, in thy works appear Within their orbs the planets dost thou keep. And even hast limited the mighty deep. Ohl could I number thy inspiring ways, And wake the voice of animated praba Ah, no! the theme shall swell a cherotic note; To thee celestial hymns of rapture heat. Tis not for me, in lowly strains to ving Thee, Gos of mercy, heavin's locolorts Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire. Oh! fill my beart with clevated for .

Or if only Six house'd But my a It have d to be As no pale.

My Failter t. In the rest But I find u If I may Love reduce How she Which spir The Lan

.... so thee second.

a "MR my beating heart with sacred fire!" d when to thee my youth, my life, I've giv'l ise me. to join Eliza, blest in heav'n.

SANCTIFIED APPLICTION.

ANOW.

ame, the sweet angel my Father assign'd watch o'er my path to the sky, w not if yet from that path I'd declin'd, f only temptation was nigh. ch'd me:—how it shrunk from his touch my spirit with ecstasy glow d; t to be free, for its prospect.

Though my heart-string with agony That angel's soft touch thus a The pressure is mercy, it wounds but to heal 914 It will end in enjoyment for ever. Ah! when shall I shake off these transmels of flesh, Thu reach that evernal smode, where the loys I so value shall blossom afresh, Shall I think the embrace that dissolves them too Shall I think the short journey too drear) When the arms of a Saylour my spirit enfold, And the gates of the city appear! No: welcome the summons that hids me depart, When the clog from my spirit, Death strikes with Lord Jesus 1 (then in thy glory shall share, And for ever be blest with thy sight; When all will be tranquil, and all will be falt, And all will be endless delight.

- weight of his wo gum is the scowl of the heave noon agure the clouds with their darkness vest! a star o'er the shadowy concave is given. omen a something like hope in the breast.

! how the lone night-wind up-tosses th forest: downcast regret through the mind slowly steals . ah! 'tis the tempests of Portune, that sorest

· desolate heart in its loneliness feels. where are the spirits in whom was my trust :

te bosoms with mutual affection would burn ? hey are gone to their homes in the dust: rass rustles drearily over their urn : in a populous solitude languish.

bes who beset me, and friends

d:

They only can tee
For far o'er the regis
The spirit beholds
And bright through
streaming,—
The sign of forgive

EVENING

How still this he
Withdraws his
And, evening's h
He leaves the:
Soft is the twiller

Which charms like hers convey: No city's bustling noise is near, And but the little birds you hear, That chant so blithe and gay;

And ask ye whence their mirth begi Perchance since free, and far from n

Their little lives are void of care;

From bush to brake they fly, Pilling the rich ambrosial air Of August's painted sky: They flit about the fragrant wood; Elisha's God provides them food, And hears them when they cry; For ever blithe and blessed are they, Their sinless course a summer's day. You bending clouds all purpling streak

The mantle of the

LONGPPLLOW.

Wars fast, in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue, The tuneful anthem fill'd the meroing air. The sacred bymnings and Elystan song His music breathing shell the minstrel woke. Devotion breathed aloud from every chord:--The voice of praise was heard in every tone, And braver, and thanks to Him, the Eternal One .-To Ham, that, with bright inspiration, touched The Ligh and gifted lyre of heavenly song, And warmed the soul with new vitality. A stirring energy through Nature breathed:-The voice of adoration from her broke, Swelling aloud in every breeze, and beard Long in the sallen waterfall, -- what time Soft Spring or heavy Automa thick on earth Its Heath orbit; bring .- When the summer smiled Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchie mourned. The Deity was there! - a nameless spirit

in the hearts of men to do him homage; in the Morning smiled, or Evening, pale, ang weeping o'er the melancholy sun, and in their tremulous shadow worshing trees, And in their tremulous shadow worshinged oft.

Where the pale vine clung round their simple altars, And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees

Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty, And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below, Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots,

That choked its weedy fountain—and dark rocks, Worn smooth by the constant current, even there The listless wave, that stole, with mellow voice, Where weeds grew rank upon the rushy brink.

And to the wandering wind the green sedge bent, Sang a sweet song of fixed tranquillity.

Man felt the heavenly influence and it stole



A POET'S NOBLEST THEME.

BARTON.

THE works of man may yield delight,
And justly merit praise:
But though awhile they charm the sight,
That charm in time decays:
The sculptor's, painter's, poet's skill,—
The ret of mind's creative will,
In various modes may feem:
But none of these, however rare
Or exquisite, can truth declare
A poet's noblest theme.

Across the vaulted sky; Then sink resplendent in the west. Where parting clouds his rays invest With beauty's softest beam: Yet not unto the sun belong

The charms which consecrate in song A poet's noblest theme.

The moon, with yet more touching grace, The silent night may cheer. And shed o'er many a lonely place

A charm to feeling dear; The countless stars which grace her reign.

A voiceless, but a lovely train, With brilliant light may gleam :

But she, nor they, though fair to see,

And formed for love, can ever be A poet's noblest theme.

The winds, whose music to the ear

With that of art may vie; Then soft as pity sigh :-

Now loud awakening awe and fear, The mighty ocean's ample breast,

Calm or convulsed, in wrath or rest,

To Go... Created all tone To Gon alone, can t

To Gor alone, can truth assign.

This proud prerogative.—
But how shall man attempt His praise,
Or dare to sing in mortal lays
OMNIFOTENCE NEFFEME!
When setands-choirs, in heaven above.

Proclaim His glory and His love, Their noblest, sweetest theme?

Thanks be to God! His grace has shown How sinful man on earth May join the songs which round his throne Give endless praises bitth. Yes, on that plain, by wild waves cover'd now, Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle; On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow, On nomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all,—but Sodom's soul
Was stain'd with blood, and pride, and perjury;
Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was
foul.

And flery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and, taunting,

spoke

Her sportive blasphemics against the Throne:
It came! The thunder on her slumber broke:
God spake the word of wrath!—Her dream was
done.



ow shall we celebrate the day, hen God appeared in mortal clay, The mark of worldly scorn; hen the archangels' heavenly lays

tempted the Redeemer's praise,

a humble form the Godhead wore, ne pains of poverty he bore, To gandy pomp unknown: lough in a human walk he trod, ill was the Man Almighty God, In glory all his own.

epised, oppressed, the Godhead bears torments of this vale of tears; or bade his vengeance rise; aw the creatures he had made le his power, his peace invade; saw with mercy's eyes.

hall we celebrate by



To reposes, thes us, in motion and neur

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres! To weave the dance that measures the years. Glide on in the glory and gladness sent To the farthest wall of the firmament, The boundless, visible smile of Him, To the vell of whose brow our lamps are dim.

IM MORTALITY.

DAYA.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love And doth death cancel the great bond that holds Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know we bounds

But self-inspired, rise upward, scarching out

Of minimal nearth, grow up and live on mirral positivition of and like And their suft leaves, unfonce I nen faire and fait, the fair unconscious has and passions that to the tought give Are thoughts and passions Do those that take in-His mospeech.
And make it send forth winning harmonics. Anu make it send forth withing farmone. That is the cheek do give its light glow, I'm inguin in the east im word interne with that for which there is no utterance. An these the body's acidents. an mose sue pour a acusema lies, su out O listen, man! O leten, man !
O leten, man !
O leten, man !
O leten, man ! like the party takes a flame Notice within its speaks that rearring work.
Man, thou shall never die! " Cressial voices .. Man, thou shall never fire! (everime harps, " time and some of a price for tilly time To mingle in this heavenly narmony.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

KIRKE WHITE.

O LORD! another day is flown, And we, a lonely band, Are met once more before Thy throne, To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meckness pours.

And Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt delgn, As we before Thee pray;



THE EVENING STAR.

LANDON.

How beautiful the twilight sky, Whose starry worlds row spread. Amid the purple depths of eve. Their clotics o'et my head?

And there is one—a radiant one— Amid the rest shines he, As if just risen from his sleep, Within the mighty sea.

The clouds fall off in glittering flakes

Before his shining brow:

So moves a ship that flings the waves

In bright foam from its prow.

in heaven. - "oranipped thee

But now that knowledge great and high Is kindled in man's soul, We know thee but a glorious part Of a more glorious whole.

Oh, mysteries of night that fill The mind with awe and love. How visibly the power of God Is manifest above!

Oh! might and majesty that reign Upon the midnight sky! Creed of my hope! I feel thy truth Whene'er I gaze on high.

WRITTEN DURING AN

A palpable obscure, a general sits murky shread. Wrapped prince and people in its murky shread. While Israel's sons, from fear and darkness free, Walked forth in light, condiding, Lord, in thee. O! through this vale of sorrows as we stray, Do Thou preserve and lead us on our way. Guide Thou our feet till death's dark hour is part, And make u*, Lord, thy sons of light at last.

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,

A joy thou art and a wealth to all!

A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot-Something of sadness had wrapt the spot, But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell. And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art. Plushing the waste like the rose's heart; And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed A tender smile on the ruin's head

Thou tak'st thro' the dim church-aisles thy way. And its pillars from twilight flash forth to-day : And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old. Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave. Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave :

Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest.

The sun in the gives a given management The dews on the earth their mild radiance werd.

"Let there be light "-And the fruits and the flowers Responded in smiles to the new-lighted akv.-

There was cent in the gale there was bloom in the lowers.

Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye. " Let there be light!"-And the mild eye of woman

Beam'd toy on the man who this Paradise sway'd: There was joy - till the foe of all happiness homan Crept into those bowers-was heard-and obey'd.

" Let there be light!"-were the words of salvation.

When man had defeated life's object and end --Had wan d from his glorious and glad elevation. ' 1l conformed to a fiend.

Oh! never, never—since we came
On wing of light and form of flame,
Like mingling harmonies that rise
In glorious swell along the skies,
Have angels known entrancing bliss
Unfathomably deep as this!—
For, lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice:
Peace on earth! to man good-will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!
Hall, Virgin-born! transcendent Child!

Hall, Virgin-born! transcendent Child!
Of mortal semblance, undefil'd,
By ages vision'd, doom'd to be
The Star of Immortality!
Hall! Prince of Pesce, and Lord of Light!
Around thy path the world is bright;



Lo! blindness melts in men The dean -And mute lips ope in hymns of praise; The famish'd on thy bounty feed, While myriads at thy summons speed, To live upon Salvation's strain, And see the lost restored again! Peace on earth! to Man good-will! Let the skies our anthem fill !

SILENCE OF NATURE

ANON.

WHEN, thoughtful, to the vault of I lift my wondering eyes, And see the clear and quiet even To night resign the skies, The moon, in silence, rear her cri The stars in silence shine; A secret rapture fills my breast aneaks its birth divine.

sorrow not a word; - trate the soul, Noiseless the sun emits his fire,

And silent pours his golden streams: And silently the shades retire Before his rising beams.

The hand that moves and regulates, And guides the vast machine,-

That governs wills, and times, and fates, Retires, and works unseen : Angelic visitants forsake

Their amaranthine bowers;

On silent wing their stations take, And watch the allotted hours.

Sick of the vanity of man,-

His noise, and pomp, and show,-I'll move upon great Nature's plan, And, silent, work below;

With inward harmony of soul, I'll wait the upper sphere;

Shining, I'll mount above the pole, And break my silence there.

heds not many now. That we had not many now. That we had you're the dead, has dronk you're the dead, has dronk you're feel of the dead, has dronk it now remain behind, at now remain behind, by that darts strange liefy beares, vals, drip down her cheek, our fully from bone to bone now for the bone our fully from bone to bone now tears. That habe that hangs not bear that never saw it that babe that never saw were, weeping before its birthweep, weeping before its time, we the mother's melting volce, it the father's sacred name. It the father's sacred name. It was dead before of woe!

of her ear, light of her eye, her heart, her hope, her feat, A crimsor glose
The setting sun
The star of Evening
And sings, " The

The silent meen beging Across the ether by And smiling o'er the Sublims in placid

Religion time, acro Calmiy majestic Buda execté delle Rock de scools shall she nearly here of a way. The moonbeam, now, the falls upon her unsubstantial frame, we finds obstruction; and upon her bones, ren as leafless boughs in winter-time, infant fastens his little hands as oft, getful, she leaves him a while unheld. look, she passes not away in gloom, ght from far illumes her face, a light comes beyond the moon—beyond the sun—light of truth divine, the glorious hope unrection at the promised morn.

neetings then which ne'er shall part again

EVENING.

WMOM

My father's house once more, In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around, Something, amidst the dewy calm profound, Broods, never mark'd before!

Is it the brooking night? Is it the shivery erecping on the air, That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair, O'r whe iming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems, And stabld, and darken'd in each time-worn hue, Since the rice clustering roses met my view, As now, by starty gleams.

And this likeli elm, where last the stand limited de-where my sisters made through not that it cast

Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed. The inborn gladdening light!

No outward thing is changed: Only the loy of purity is fled.

And, long from Nature's melodies estranged.

Thou hear'st their tones with dread. Therefore, the calm abode

By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade. And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night-flowers round that door.

Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air: Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more

To pass, and rest thee there !

And must I turn away? -Hark, hark !- it is my mother's voice I hear,

Sadder than once it seem'd-yet soft and clear-Doth she not seem to pray?

My name !- I caught the sound! Oh! blessed tone of love-the deep, the mild-

Mother, my mother! Now receive thy child, Take back the Lost and Found!

"God!—God made man a

What is the Soul?—a deathl A gift of that immortal he Which from blind chaos stri

And held, unpolsed, the se Who o'er the earth shed bes Who gave sublimity its m Who waked the planets into

And bowed the starry glot

Prom stern Necessity call gr Call order from the dream Bid your material god repla The heavenly fountain we The seasons would return n

The erring planets lose the Confusion stalk from shore

THE CLIFT OF THE ROCK.

ANON.

AT Horeb's foot the man of God delay'd, And to behold Jehovah's glory pray'd; The ancient prophet in his ardent faith Knew not, while clothed in flesh, the sight was death. For none, until this mortal coil's unroll'd, Living those glorious features can behold. But God in mercy grants not every claim, He knows our weakness, thinks upon our frame. And whilst He manifests His love and grace, Hides the consuming splendour of His face. Thus unto Moses did the Lord declare, "A fitting shelter is behind thee there, Climb half-way up the rock and take thy stand, Then will I take thee gently in my hand, I'll place thee in a narrow clift that's night And cover thee the while I'm passing by

:

So every ordinance of the house of prayer where faith's aspute. The Gospel preach'd, the Supper of the Lo And all the secans which joy unmix'd affor These are but clifts within the rock of gra Where Faith may see the Lord, but mot hiller purer vision only can espy Glimpses of glory as He passeth by, To cheer the drooping soul with heavenly Through life's drear wilderness to Jordan's

Thus, Lord! in every place, in every hou Declare Thyself with manifested power; All without Thee is dead and lifeless he: But all is light and love if Thou art nes

THE TREASURES OF THE I

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-cav
Thou hollow-sounding and mysteri

iast the starry gems, the burning gold, a from ten thousand royal Argosies. weep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main; Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have roll'd

Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,

Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!

Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play!

Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!

High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems. thou stormy grave—



It in the time time . To reasons from and passes Fee, as thy days grow few district. Con a color and make of shrine official With welling glow, and opening leaf. In deek the morning of the year. You though thy light is checkered of With dritting spowers of sociowing tain Yet baliny airs and breezes soft oning mea and meeses and train: And for thy ddying guess will come That trie. his new and brightening plume Mul the 'oill sky, a 'ecesses heard'. And soon the many cloude that hang Their s demin drapery over the sky. Will bear in chadney folds, and

Tot work them now! they break

A over earth, in one broad smile,
Looks forth the glorious eye of day—
while hill, and vale, and ocean-isle,
Are laughing in the breath of May.

Type of existence! mayst thou be The emblem of the Christian's race— Through all whose trials we may see The sunshine of undying grace:

The calm and heaven-enkindled eye, The faith that mounts on ardent wing, That looks beyond the o'er-arching sky To heaven's undimmed and golden spring.

THE RESIGNATION.

O Gop, whose thunder shakes the sky;

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain? Why drooping seek the dark recess?

Shake off the melancholy chain, For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still: The rising sigh, the falling tear. My languid vitals' feeble riil.

The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd. I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow:

Forbid the sigh, compose my mind. Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night. Which on my sinking spirit steals,

Will vanish at the morning light, Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals. UT MARRY: And periumed our prayers with signs Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks Of self-shesement. But we sought to stay An angel on the earth: a spirit ripe For heaven: and Mercy, in her love, refused: Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least! Most gracious when she seem'd the most to frown! The room I well remember : and the bed On which she lay; and all the faces, too, That crowded dark and mournfully around. Her father there, and mother, bending stood, And down their aged cheeks fell many drops Of bitterness: her husband, too, was there, And brothers: and they went-her sisters, too, Did ween and sorrow comfortless; and 1. Too, wept, though not to weeping given : and all Within the house was dolorous and sad. This I remember well, but better still The dving eye :- that eye alone was bright, And brighter grew, as nearer death approach'd; As I have seen the gentle little flower Look fairest in the silver beam, which fell Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon Came down, and o'er the desert scatter'd far And wide its loveliness. She made a sign To bring her babe :- 'twas brought, and by her

And now her eyes gar...

Too bright for ours to look upon, summer

With many tears, and closed without a c

They set as sets the morning-star, which

Not down behind the darken'd west, nor

Obscured among the tempests of the sky

But melts away into the light of heaven.

TO A SWALLOW.

ANOX.

STAY thee, thou bird of nimblest wir Herald and harbinger of Spring, As round and round in airy ring, Thou wheel'st thy flight; Or dart'st right on, as if to meet My pensive steps, when lo! more f

My pensive steps, when lo! more to Than bowyer's shaft, thy turnings The following sight.

at thou, thou hast tas To hold thee through the summe. Till winter dark.

Go! and or ere the eye of day

Strike the low thatch with level ra-Trill from thy home to morning gra A welcome sweet: Or call to aid, with sharp shrill cry! Thy tribes, and dart on him from hi

If owl, or kerstel, sailing by, Thy precincts threat.

Go! and beneath you rafter'd shed, Hang thy clay house and procreant be-Or the strait chimney downward threa. Thy six white eggs, with red besprene. Now hovering o'er the Now in ..

Mix with their kindred groups in pla And round the village-dwellings stra And church-topp'd height.

Now watch to see thee duly bring Thy wonted meal, and forward sprin With small brisk note, and on the w Their dole receive: Now fearless follow, here and there.

The insect myriads of the air: And thee to fresh domestic care Forsaken leave.

Go! and a mother's task renew. Thy cares, and toils, and joys pursue Long as mild Autumn, bath'd in dev The welkin warms: Till chill October's fickle hour

Shall wern then with the tribes. 10

Parewell, sweet bird! thou still hast been Companion of our Summer scene, Lov'd inmate of our meadows green, And rural home:

The twitter of thy cheerful song
We 've lov'd to hear; and all day long
See thee on pinion, fleet and strong,
About us roam.

And dost thou no wise lore impart?
Yes, still thou bidd'st us act our part
With body prompt and willing heart,
While Summer lasts:

Prepar'd the course to take, that He For us appoints, who summons thee To climes of grateful warmth to flee

From wintry blasts.

Belshazzar the Assyrian reigns.

A thousand lords at his kingly call
Have met to feast in a spacious ha
And all the imperial boards are sur

Have met to feast in a spacious hall, And all the imperial boards are spread, With dainties whereon the monarch fee Rich cates and floods of the purple gray

With dainties whereon the monarch see Rich cates and floods of the purple gray And many a dancer's serpent shape Steals slowly upon their amorous sight Or glances beneath the flaunting lights

And fountains throw up their silver spi And cymbals clash,—and the trumpets Till the sounds in the arched roof are h And words from the winding horn are! And still the carved cups go round, And revel, and mirth, and wine abound But night has o'egiaken the fading day

But night has o'ertaken the fading day And music has raged her soul away: The light in the Bacchanal's eye is dim

as mirth is over the soft Greek And the voices of women are low-ar The Bacchanais' eyes are all staring w And where's the Assyrian's pomp of p

That night the monarch was stung to 1 That night Belshaszar, the king, was s

FUNERAL DIRGE.

DALE.

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear, We will not weep for thee; One thought shall check the starting t It is that thou art free. And thus shall Faith's consoling nowa-Oh! who as

hail

The day again, and pladness fill the vale; So soon the child a youth, the youth a man, Eager to run the race his fathers ran.

Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin; The ale, now brew 6, in floods of amber shine; And, basking in the chimpey's ample blaze, 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days, 'The rurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled.

Thus on those knees he sat so off and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze: Soon, a suing forth, shall glitter through the trees, Vestures of mipfall white; and hymns be sung, And violets scattered re ond; and old and young, In every octage perich with cullands green, Stan (staff treaz, and course, bless the scene.

More singular value will the confine bride.

For any collection is a distinct bour,

the confine toward to come from youther towards.

For a madini chumbers long black weeds are:

And weeping heard where only for his been

White her day ones contained by his side.



dren borne, and from his door, to return no more, urth with them that went before, man life; so gliding on, meteor, and is gone! ief though it be, as strange, of wild and wondrous change, andering tribes require.

esert round their evening fire; d, in hall or bower, at midnight's witching hour!

ILL BE DONE.

BY ANN BROWN.



And when the winter of his age
Sheds o'er his locks its anows;
When he can feel his pligrimage
Fast drawing to a close:
Then, as he finds his strength decline,
This is his prayer alone:
"To thee my spirit I resign—
Father! thy will be done!"

ENJOYMENTS OF THE BELIEVER.

TOPLADY.

Witex languot and disease larada
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly axay.

Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of His love; Sweet to look upward to the place

Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look forward and behold Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine My sins on Jesus laid; Sweet to remember that His blood My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet on his righteousness to stand, Which saves from second death; Sweet to experience, day by day,

What rapture must the church above In Jesu's presence know!

If such the sweetness of the stream, What must the fountain be, Where saints and angels draw their bliss Immediately from Thee!

LIFE

MISS E. TAYLOR.

"What is the gift of Life?"

Speak thou, in young existence revelling,
To thee it is a glorious godlike thing;
Love, Hope, and Fancy, lead the joyous way,
Ambiton kindles up her living ray.
There is a path of light marked out for thee,
less path, and there thy way shall be:

and them all:

I'is the first dawning of eternity;
The future heaven just breaking on the sight;
The glimmering of a still increasing light;
Its cheering scenes foretastes of heav'nly joy,
Its storms and tempests sent to purify;
Oh! is not Life a bright, inspiring thing?

"What is the gift of Life!"

To him whose soul through this tempestuous road
Hath passed, and found its home, its heaven, its

God:

Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread, And years as boundless rolling o er his head; No cloud to darken the celestial light; No sin to sully, and no grief to blight;

Is not that better Life a glorious thing?

THE RESTORATION OF SALEM.

HEBER.

shall she rise;—but not by was built in murder

The sultry sands shall jonfold harvess The unbeliever's jest, the No more your . And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

E'en now, perhaps, wide waving o'er the lar The mighty angel lifts his golden wand;

Courts the bright vision of descending power Tells every gate, and measures every jowe And chides the tardy seals, that yet detair Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign

And who is He I the wast, the awful for Girt with the whiriwind, sandal'd with t A western cloud around his limbs is spi His crown a rainbow, and a sun his bet To highest heaven he lifts his kingly h And treads at once the ocean and the And bark his voice amid the rhunde His dreadful voice, that time shall be

hands the golden cour

accessed harps attune their mystic song, shousand thousand saints the strain prolong : northy the Lamb! omnipotent to save, Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

PLETCHER.

THERE is a land—a shining land,
Where spirits wander pure and free:
And saints with seraphs, hand in hand,
Together round a glory stand,
Which burns to all eternity.

That glory shrines a power suoreme.



SACRED HARMONY.

Their glassy rings beneath it, like the Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse. The reeds bent down the stream: t leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide Forgot the lifting winds; and the long Whose flowers the water, like a gentle

Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way, And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to re How strikingly the course of nature tel By its light heed of human suffering, That it was fashioned for a happier wo

King David's limbs were weary. He From far Jerusalem; and now he stook With his faint people, for a little rest Upon the shore of Jordan. The light i Of morn was stirring, and he bared his To its refreshing breath; for he had we The mourner's covering, and he had no That he could see his people until now They gathered round him on the fresh

In all his princely bear.
In all his princely bear that cherished him
The heart that cherished him to be controlled,
In agony that would not be controlled,
In agony that the controlled in the contro

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath Was straightened for the grave and, as the folds Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed The matchless symmetry of Absalom. His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curis Were floating round the tassels as they swayed As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing To the admitted air, as glossy now The snowy fingers of Judea's girls. His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid, Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled hilt, Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade. Rested, like mockery on his covered brow. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro, Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief, The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier, And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly, As if he feared the slumberer might stir. A slow step startled him. He grasped his b As it a trumpet rang; but the bent form or David entered, and he gave command, dead. The king si

The pall from the still features of his child, He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth In the resistless eloquence of woe!—

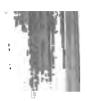
"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair! That death should settle in thy glorious eye, And leave his stillness in this clustering hair! How could be mark thee for the silent tomb.

My proud boy, Absalom !

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee,
How was I wont to feel my pulses thill,
Like a rich harp-string yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "my father." from these dum!

And hear thy sweet "my father," from these dumb And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave bath won thee. I shall hear the gush



A look of melting tenderness, he clasped His hands convulsively, as if in prayer: And, as a strength were given him of God, He rose up calmly, and composed the pall Firmly and decently, and left him there, As if his rest had been a breathing alcep.

TO THE RAINBOW.

CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHANT arch, that fill'st the sky, When storms prepare to part, I ask not proud Philosophy To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight, A midway station given, For happy spirits to alight Betwixt the carth and heaven,

Can all that Optics teach unfold Thy form to please me so, As when I dreamt of gems and gold Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face

Ou sarin deliver'd from the deep, And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye Unraptured greet thy beam:

Theme of primeval prophecy, Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields, The lark thy welcome sings, When, glittering in the freshen'd fields, The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean wast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in you horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,

that man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth, The land in which he died unknown.

His name has perished from the earth, This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear, Alternate triamph'd in his breast:

Has bliss and wor,—a smile, a tear!
Onlivious bides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb, The changing spirits' rise and fall, We know that these were felt by him.

For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er; Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled; Had friends,—his friends are now a more; And fors,—his fors are dead.



TO him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

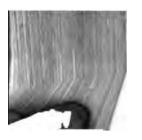
SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD. BOWLES.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade, Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by day, The pleasing pictures of the present fade,

And like a summer-vapour steal away.

And have not they who here forgotten lie,

(Say, hoary chronicler of ages past.)



The hour that bears us to the silent s Biameiess improve the time that Heav'. And leave the issue to Thy will, O Ge

THE WIDOW OF NA

SHE saw him—Death's untimely pr Struck with the blight of slow do She watch'd his vigour waste wi His ardent spirit droop and pi The rose upon his cheek, she knew. Bloom'd not with health's transparent hue; It was a softer, fainter glow-

A tint of fading loveliness, Which told, a canker lurked below:

So gleams o'er fields of wintry snow

The pale moon, cold and comfortless. And oft she mark'd within his eye

A wild, unwonted brilliancy,

The lovely, but delusive ray

Of nature, sinking to decay:

And oft she caught his stifled moan-It breathed a deep and hollow tone,

Which told of death, ere life was gone. At times, when fever's burning flush

Heightened consumption's hectic blush. Fond hope-the latest still to leave.

The first to flatter and deceive



ERIEND to the aleter apon an I woo thee, Death! In grade, makes a gen

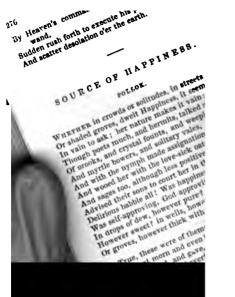
....pud in night's sable robe, t drear.

Of uncouth share-

Laved by oblivion's listless stream, a By shelving rocks, and intermingled

And charnels pale, tenanted by a t Of meagre phantoms shooting cros. With silent glance, I seek the shad-Of death !- Deep in a murky cave's

Of yew and cypress' shade, from all i Of busy noontide beam, the monarch In unsubstantial majesty enthroned. At his right hand, nearest himself in 1 And frightfulness of form, his parent. With fatal industry and cruel care, Busies herself in pointing all his sting And tipping every shaft with venom d From her infernal store: around him a In terrible array, and strange At-



ag up, giving the heart to drink,

The Christian faith, which better knew the beart

Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there; Who finds it not, for ever let him seek

Who finds it not, for ever let him seek In vain: 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.

aTrue happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meckness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury

The choicest winer arue, no was compound. But then, was temperance a fee to peace? Might he not rise, and clothe himself in gold! Ascend, and stand in palaces of kings?

True he was honest still and charitable: Were then these virtues foes to human peace Might he not do exploits, and gain a name? Most true, he trod not down a fellow's right, Nor walked up to a throne on akulla of men

Were justice, then, and mercy, fore to peace Had he not friendships, loves, and smiles hopes?

Sat not around his table sons and daughters
Was not his ear with music pleased? his ew

With light? his nostrils with perfumes lips With pleasant relishes? Grew not his herds Fell not the rains upon his meadows? reaps He not his harvests? and did not his hear? His sickle forth, and reaped the fields (And plucked the clusters from the vin

THE SEA BY MOONL

WILSON.

Ir is the midnight hour:—the beat
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heav
While many a sparkling star, in qu
Far down within the watery sky repo
As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard
Like that of dreamer murmuring in l
Tis partly the billow, and partly t
That lies like a garment floating for

Now they the stars she hes at rest. As if the oul'd on win set Now hold as the prightest star that clows More ball dally scace at first it rose. Look cown on the far off flood And there all breathless and alone. As the sky where she soars were a world of her own. Si, in asketh that gentle mighty one, As he lies in his quiet mood, "A:: then," she breathes, "the tyrant grim That seefs at human prayers. the write with prouder roar, the while, to it is a from some lonely isle, Through grouns raised wild, the hopeless hymn, Orszápwieck'd mariners? . " t there are harmless as a child, Bear, with joy, and reconciled

As if thy dreams were gay,"

TRUE LIBERTY.

TRUE Liberty was Christian, sanctided, Baptized, and found in Christian hearts alor Birst-born of Victure daughter of the skies! First-born of Victure daughter of the skies! The graces, Meekness, Hollness, and Love: The graces, Meekness, Hollness, and Love: Given to God, and man, and all below, Their due unask'd; fear to whom fear was due on the control of the con



A MOTHER'S LOVE

MONIGOMERY.

A MOTHER's love-how sweet the name! What is a mother's love?

-A noble, pure, and tender flame,

Enkindled from above. To bless a heart of earthly mould;

The warmest love that can grow cold; This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day, Its opening charms admire, Catch from its eye the earliest ray Of intellectual fire; To smile and listen while it talks, And lend a finger when it walks; This is a mether's love.

And can a mother's love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for Joy?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
—Is this a mother's love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes derflow?
Yet, ah! remember this:

A parent's heart may prove a snare; The child she loves so well, Her hand may lead, with gentlest care, Down the smooth road to hell; Nourish its frame, -destroy its mind ;

Thus do the blind mislead the blind, Ev'n with a mother's love. lilest infaut! whom his mother taught

And pour'd upon his dawning thought Early to seek the Lord, The day-spring of the word ; This was the lesson to her son,

-Time is Eternity begun: Behold that mother's love.

Blest mother! who, in wisdom's path, By her own parent trod, Thus taught her son to fiee the wrath,

And know the fear of God : Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,

Begin Eternity in time, Taught by that mother's love,

That mother's love !- how sweet the name!

What was that mother's love? -The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,

That kindles from above Within a heart of earthly mould, heart can hold,

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

HOWELL.

Ir of the smallest star in sky
We know not the dimensity;
If those pure sparks that stars compose
The highest human wit do pose;
How then, poor shallow man, canst thou
The Maker of these glories know?

If we know not the air we draw,
Nor what keeps winds and waves in awe:
If our small skulls cannot contain.
The flux and saltness of the main;
If scarce a cause we ken below;
How shall we the Supernal know?

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

HALL.

STHANGE, that the Wind should be left so free, To play with a flower, or tear a tree; To range or ramble where'er it will. And, as it lists, to be fierce or still; Above and around to breathe of life, Or to minule the earth and sky in strife; Gently to whisper, with morning light, Yet to grawl like a fetter'd fiend ere night; Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to-day, What to morrow it ruthlessly rends away!

Strange, that the Sun should call into birth All the fair st flowers and fruits of earth, Then bid them perish, and see them die, While they cheer the soul and gladden the eye.



At morn, its child is the pride of Spring— At night, a shrivell'd and loathsome thing! To-day, there is hope and life in its breath! To-morrow, it shrinks to a useless death. Strange doth it seem, that the Sun should joy To give life, alone, that it may destroy.

Strange, that the *Ocean* should come and go, With its daily and nightly ebb and flow,—
Should bear on its placid breast at morn,—
The bark that ere night will be tempest-torn;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck within sight of home:
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to the cottage door;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow behold him land!

But, stranger than all, that man should die,

If we know 'tis well Chat such change shoul.
What do we learn from the things we see?
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not wonder nor murmur,—but hope and
trust!

ETERNITY.

BOYSE.
WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence

The various forms the universe compose? From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs Shall we derive the origin of things? Sing, heavenly Guide! whose all efficient light Drew dawning planets from the womb of Night! Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught, Adores a power bevond the reach of thought.

Pirst Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth! Sole light of heaven! acknowledged life of earth; Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous

UNITY.

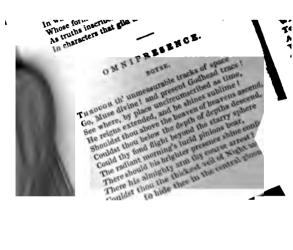
ROYSE. In different individuals we find An evident disparity of mind;

Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains. And actions vary as the will ordains: But should two beings equally supreme.

Divided power and parted empire claim: How soon would universal order cease!

How soon would discord harmony displace! Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight, Nor yield, supported by eternal might; Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue, The links dissever, or the chain renew!

Matter from motion cross impressions take. As served each power his rival's power to break.

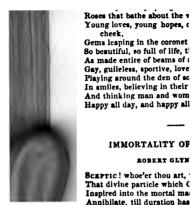


Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight, Darkness itself would kindle into light: Not the black mansions of the silent grave, Nor darker hell, from his perception save; What power, alsa! thy footsteps can convey Beyond the reach of omnipresent day!

OMNIPOTENCE.

BOYSE.

What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine Could give the model of this vast design? What hand but thine adjust the amazing whole, And bid consenting systems beauteous roll? What hand but thine supply the solar light? Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!



Roses that bathe about the v Young loves, young hopes, o cheek. Gems leaping in the coronet So beautiful, so full of life, t As made entire of beams of a Gay, guileless, sportive, love Playing around the den of so

IMMORTALITY OF

ROBERT GLYN SCEPTIC! whoe'er thou art. ' wny, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never science rear'd her sacred torch,
The untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill? Why, in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends?
Or joy, on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners: while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

ROBERT GLYNN, M.D.

Ox that great day the solemn trump shall sound, (That trump which once in heaven on man's resolt Convoked the astonish'd scranb.) Th' unpeopled

Whate'er their nation and Heroes and patriarchs, al With equal eye the God o And judge with equal love With costly pomp and arc Embalm'd his poor remai-A thousand tapers shed tl While solemn organs to h

Chanted slow orisons? 8

Dost thou discern him fro Whose mouldering bones tinf Long lay neglected ?-All But not to equal glory : fo With howlings dire and e: Some wall their fatal birth Behold the mighty murde They who in sport whole I Who to the tottering pinn. Waded through seas of l curse The madness of ambition .

wao etain'd the chaste connubia Who mix'd the poisonous bowl; or broke Of hospitable friendship :—And the wretch Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of l Unsummon'd to the presence of his God Rush'd in with insult rude.

THE MISER.

POLLOK.

'z there was one in folly further gone; th eye awry, incurable, and wild, e laughing-stock of devils and of men, 1 by his guardian angel quite given up— Miser, who with dust inanimate i wedded intercourse

"THERE is a God," all Resum A thousand tongues procision His arm simighty, mind all wise, And bid each voice in chorus rise To magnify his name. Thy name, great Nature's Sire divise. Assiduous we adore ! Rejecting godheads, at wh Benighted nations blood and wine In vain libations poor. You countless worlds in bear Myriads of miles each hour Their mighty orbe as curious tra As the blue circle stude the tage Of that enamell'd flower. But Thou, too, makes the low To glitter in the daws;

SACRET

The hand that fir The blazing com Painted the ve " As falls a spar Obedient to T

> Each drawing In one eternal One order to

Takes comfort fo And makes a w

By the same lav

give
Aught to the mind, to man. _
When once we find our peace is lost bears. _
But God will soon in mercy and our was

When once we find our peace is lost below.

But God will soon in mercy end our wee,

And our freed souls the body's death survive.

THE PLAGUE OF THE HAIL

GALT.

Twas setting sun;
The cloudless golden horizontal light
Brighten'd the Memphian domes. Glitteris
The mountain pyramids in ether shone;
The Nile below with many a painted sall
Like rippling amber flow'd. The all !

By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juley tide, a twining mass of tubes:
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting spreads
All this innumerous colour'd scene of things.

FAREWELL.

HEBER.

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,

ζ

From their ... When hands are link's su-And heart is met by throbbing heart. Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart Of them that hid farewell!

When hope is chidden That fain of bliss would tell. And love forbidden In the breast to dwell:

When fetter'd by a viewless chain, We turn and gaze, and turn again, Oh! death were mercy to the pain

Of them that hid farewell.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTE

""" TEWSBURY.

----- thou would

and sav. " "Twere best to die !"

I know 'tis summer on the earth-I hear a pleasant tune Of waters in their chiming mirth-

I feel the breath of June :

The roses through my lattice look. The bee goes singing by.

The peasant takes his harvest-hook .-Yet, mother, let me die! There's nothing in this time of flowers

That hath a voice for me: The whispering leaves, the sunny hour

The bright, the glad, the free!

There's nothing but thy own deep love. And that will live on high!

Then, mother, when my heart's above Kind mother, let ---

" Where is thy home?" I am Who bent with flushing face. To hear a warrior's tender tons In the wild wond's secret place She spoke not, but her varying cheek The cale might well impart The home of her young spirit much Ah! souls that well might soar above, And build their bopes on human love, That light and fragile thing! " Where is thy home, thou lonely mon ?" l ask'd a pilgrim gray.

SACRED HARMONY.

303

Who came with furrow'd brow, and wan, Slow musing on his way:
He paus'd, and with a solemn mien
Upturn'd his holy eyes,—
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the akes!"
O! bless'd—thrice bless'd I the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free—
Its only home in Heaven.

TO THE PARTED YEAR.













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